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Bonnie is making our Chicago office one of the most important factors in the field of the dance. Her sketches for the coming year will enable the dance recitals of the middle west to compare favorably with any theatrical production, whether amateur or professional. She will also have sketches for costumes of the numbers to be taught at the Chicago Convention.

Alex Dunaeff, now at the front fighting; and before the war, one of our most promising young dancers, shown with Lyla Zalipskaya.

V-MAIL

Pvt. Alex Dunaeff, dancer, gives us a moving and graphic picture of a soldier's life from training camp to front line foxholes.

To VIOLET, January 31, '43

Thank you for your kind letter and package. It gave me a certain lift I was very much in need of. I am sorry that I have not written to you before. I am sure you will understand just how little time I have to myself. Yesterday I worked for 20 hours in the kitchen washing about 3,000 dishes and peeling 100 pounds of potatoes.

To LYLA ZALIPSKAYA, February 28, '43

Thank you so much for your sweater, candy and kind thoughts. I am kept so busy here that it makes my head twirl although it is the same thing over and over again so that I am already getting bored. Your sweater is very nice and comes in very handy especially in this crazy Alabama weather. I hope that they will assign me to some regiment outside of Alabama when I finish here in four weeks. If I stay here my hopes of even getting a furlough are very slim.

I have gained 15 lbs. and now weigh 167 lbs. in only pants, jacket and shoes. Not bad, eh? I have won a medal for marksmanship for which I had to shoot 147 points out of a possible 200 on the 200 yards range with a .30 cal. rifle. Surprised? You bet I am! Thank you so much for speaking to the agent about me. It would be wonderful if only I had the luck. Serge seems to have a lot of time to write letters. There is only one way I can explain that. He is not in a Training Replacement Center but is in his permanent camp while I am in a school. What do you think? What is new in the theatrical world? How is the Kretchma coming along? The way we have been going on 21 and 28 mile hikes lately, I guess I will never dance again. I can feel my legs going out of condition. Is Leon in the Army already? Where is he stationed? As long as I have been here I have had one continuous cold so that I always feel lousy.

To MR. SWOBODA, April 16, '43

I am now in a position where I am not allowed to write more than a few lines. I am no longer with my old outfit although I am in the same branch of service. I am in a combat force which is very rugged. Very soon I will have the honor of representing the Swoboda school on the field of battle. I hope everything is well with you.

I usually work here anywhere from 12 to 20 hours. From early morning till late at night we have classes, drills, special details and actual combat practice. (In my case it is chemical warfare). I am being trained as a chemical weapons soldier.

Everytime I hear a familiar piece of music it reminds me of my last engagement in Canada and how much fun I used to have. They are now but fond memories of the dance I love so much. I am not complaining. I like the Army and one of the reasons is that I am doing my duty for my country as any real man should. I am proud of it. What hurts me is that my dancing days will be all over after the war. No dancer's legs would be able to stand the punishment that the Army hands out.

Could you do me a favor? Ask around if any of your friends have any table games that they have no further use for. Our boys sure would love to have them now that we are in quarantine for meningitis.

To MR. SWOBODA AND KIDS, October 23, '43

I will be able to return and hold my head up way over all the other demented slackers which don't deserve to live. I can say that "I have done my part, I have given a contribution for the freedom of this earth, some years of my life plus my dancing career." My question will be, "What have you given?" What, no answer! Do you get what I mean?

To MR. SWOBODA, October 23, '43

I am used to the ways and hardships of army life so that I don't seem to mind it as much as before. Of course, the thoughts in my mind are always of home and my friends there. That is the only thing that keeps me and most of our fellows going. The thought of going home someday. Here is a poem written by one of our boys about our invasion of Sicily:

On July the 10th on a summer night
The 83rd moved up to fight
We hit the beach at half past three
With shells bursting we could not see
We hit the sand and stones
Until we thought we'd break our bones
We moved up with carts and wire
Right up to machine gun and artillery fire
We made emplacements on the beach
That enemy guns could not reach
We set our mortals on the hill
And awaited command, "Fire at Will".

To MR. SWOBODA AND KIDS, October 28, '43

You can't realize how glad I was to receive a word from you. My morale went sky high. Violet, don't ever send me pictures of such beautiful girls again. You nearly started a revolt. When I showed Betty Burge's pictures to the boys they all jumped into the sea and started heading for home. It took 10 fishing boats with nets to force the company to come back. I, who was in the lead was finally stopped by a fishhook. Oh! how cruel this army life is! But really, you should have heard the exclamations, "Wow, I am goin A.W.O.L." or "This is wonderful", "Isn't she cute", "Hot dog", "This is worth fighting for", "I'm heading for New York", etc. etc. I could keep on forever. We haven't seen a real honest to goodness beautiful woman since we came overseas.

To MR. SWOBODA, November 8, '43

I am now allowed to disclose where I am at. I am somewhere in Italy. We invaded the Italian coast with the same outfit as in Sicily. Again we came in on the second wave, one half hour after the first went in. This invasion business is becoming a habit with us and a bad one at that. The next 20 days were the most hellish

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MAGAZINE

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Cover: Soldiers, Sailors and Marines at the Silver Screen Canteen swing into "Doin' the Dopey", square dance revival from Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". RKO Radio Picture. Photo: Metropolitan Photo Service.

Last Month's Cover: Apologies to Gerda Peterich for omitting credit line on her dynamic dance study of Pauline Koner.

Rudolf Orthwine, Publisher and Managing Editor

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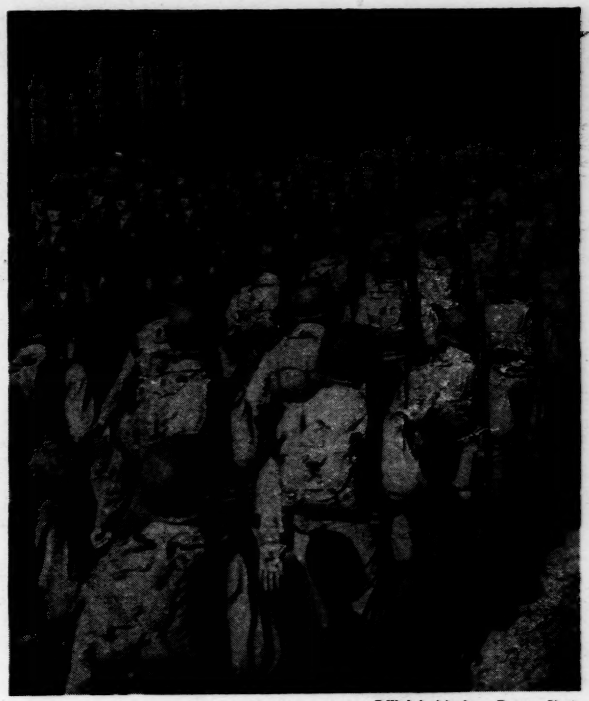

Official Marine Corps Photo

Marines march off to war as women Marines take over their noncombatant war jobs at Camp Lejeune, Marine Center at New River, N. C.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER

We have dedicated the cover of the July issue to the 5th War Bond Drive and the July issue, itself, to those in the service of Our Country.

In July we celebrate Independence Day, yet the very month we are celebrating our Independence, our country is occupied in the greatest struggle of all time against the forces of tyranny. The youth, both the boys and girls of this great nation, are offering every day of their liberty, and maybe their very lives, so that the guarantee of Liberty and Independence may be assured all people in this and generations to come. As a nation we have professed the loftiest ideals of the 20th Century, and we practice what we preach. For the sake of all humanity, let us hope that the world will be at peace long before next July, when we celebrate another Fourth, and let us pray by then we will have found a real solution for the settlement of all future disputes and be able to abandon war forever.

When our boys and girls have done their jobs and are safe home again, the rest of us will have to keep faith, not only with them, but with the whole world. We will still have to see the job through, if lasting peace is to be ours.

Salutations to our boys and girls in service. May they have a safe and speedy return to their loved ones.

RUDOLF ORTHWINE, *Publisher*

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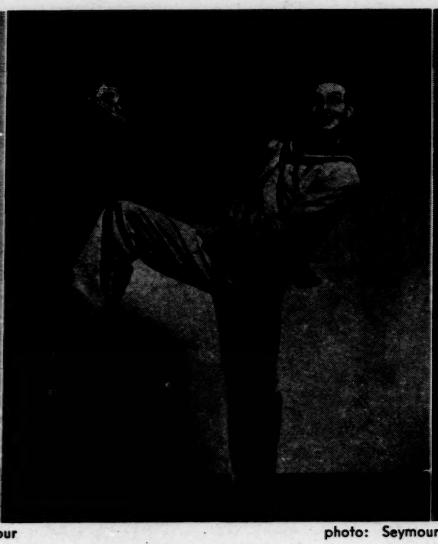

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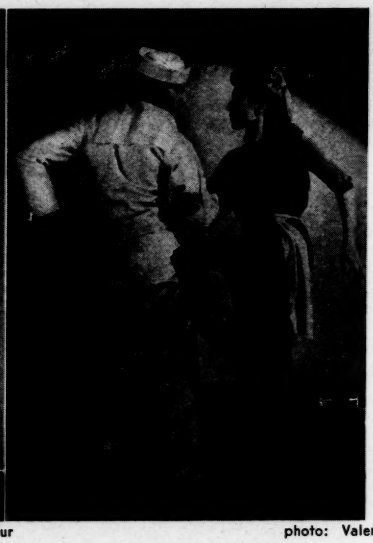


photo: Valente

Left to Right: The Georges Leon Dancers delight the night club audiences with an hilarious version of men at war. Freddie Franklin entrances his audiences with his spirited dancing as the sailor in "Red Poppy", Jerome Robbins and Janet Reed score a big hit in Robbins' ballet "Fancy Free". It is evident that the Navy is an A number 1 dance theme.

MEN IN UNIFORM DOMINATE THE DANCE

By LUCILE MARSH

Men in uniform, and women too, have taken over the dance, and the dance has improved 100% as a result.

First of all, war has turned the minds of our dancers and choreographers toward heroic themes, world vistas and new ideals. It has drawn us out of ourselves, down from our ivory towers into life itself, and boy! did we need it.

The armed forces wanted us to dance for them and with them. We did, and we got as much out of it as they did, maybe more. We danced for "the boys" to cheer them up, get their mind off their troubles and build up their morale. In doing this we relearned one of the important lessons we had almost forgotten, and that is that the proof of a dancer, like that of the pudding, is in the consuming.

Dancers soon learned that our boys needed laughter, romance and life drama as well as art. The wise ones made over their dances to come nearer the human heart.

In the dance entertainment field the soldiers, sailors, flyers, WAVES and WACS literally marched all other characters off the stage.

The hit of the ballet season was Jerome Robbins' rollicking sailor ballet with a specially written score by Leonard Bernstein, and decor by Oliver Smith. The plot concerned three sailors on shore leave and their humorous and romantic encounters with three heart-throbs. The dancing was vigorous, varied and thoroughly valid. It included everything from a cartwheel to a tour jete with brisk characterization and expressive pantomime thrown in. It was like a breath of sea breeze and gave us a quick hope that the musty air the ballet breathes today might actually get freshened up for all time.

Schools and amateur groups have formed entertainment units of their own to visit the camps and canteens. Doughboys, gremlins, Paratroopers and Red Cross Nurses have taken the place of the usual Prince Charmings, elves, dolls and bunnies.

The entrance of the strong armed GI on the dancing scene has added a much needed masculine punch to our dramatis personae. We hope this new found virility will linger after the war. Dance will never be a mature, complete art until it has both men and women of the finest type in its ranks bringing the most ideal masculine and feminine contributions to the art.

Now we're on the right track, let's stay there and never again go back to the mincing fastidious heroes, who make dainty ballerinas look like truck horses. If we keep our war hero motivations, we will attract a fine type of young man to the dancing ranks—and how we need them!

We are grateful for the virility, humor and insouciance that the serviceman motif has brought to the dance. We are still waiting, however, for this war to produce as great a ballet as "The Green Table". Certainly never in the history of the world has there been a time more fraught with conflicting ideals, human sacrifice, life at its lowest and its

highest, pulsing and screaming to be put into movement.

Maybe we will have to wait for our dancers to come home from the front before the great ballet of the present world war will be created. At least we can start now to clear the way for them when they do come.

In the meantime, let's see what some of our dancers have been doing in the service.

All the men who were in Catherine Littlefield's ballet are now in the service. Here's a record for you. Eric Giles, Marine staff sergeant, and Bill Loge, sergeant, were among the first American soldiers to land at Guadal-

photo: Richard Tucker

Gower and Gene, one of the most charming dancing couples we had, are shown here in one of the first of the war motivated musicals "Count Me In". Now, Gower is an officer in the Navy; Gene is acting and dancing by herself.

canal. Bill Lane is a Marine Lieutenant, Hy Lowe a Navy officer, Luke Scott a Corporal in the Armored Division, Bobby Melson an air cadet, (probably an officer by now), Ray Kobry an engineer on a submarine and Carl Littlefield a Lieutenant piloting a Lightning fighter plane.

Pvt. Lincoln Kirstein, founder of the American Ballet School and many other valuable dance enterprises, has just published two very interesting articles, one in "Life", the other in "Town and Country", telling about what modern art is doing in the war.

The Chalif family's two sons overseas are making fine records for themselves. Ist Lt. Amos Chalif of the Army Air Corps is in India, and he has just been delegated by the service to make a manual of air flight. Ist Lt. Ed Chalif is in England with the infantry. Both boys were fine dancers and both taught dancing.

Pvt. Edward Benson says dancing makes drill easy. His coordination enables him to save his energy. A sergeant never calls to a dancer "stop bobbing up and down."

"Any serviceman who can't dance is behind the eight-ball. They want to learn and try to learn," says Benson, "but are a bit shy and reluctant. Invite young girls to help instruct the boys. Most boys can do a slow fox trot. They want to learn to rumba and Lindy but they need help."

Cpl. Josef Burket, overseas, sent his first savings to his uncle to save for dance lessons for him when the war is over.

Johnny Seager is a crack Naval Air Transport Pilot. He said his career as a tap dancer trained his ear so well for sound and rhythm that he learned the radio code in a new record time. Between trips when he is laid off for a rest, he teaches tap at the school of his brother, Bernie Seager.

Sgt. George Kelly of the "Dancing Kelly's", in "This is the Army", makes an handsome soldier. He told us the dancers are proving to the other fellows in the service that they can take it. He got tired of the simple drilling, so made up a fancy one for himself. It went like this: hitch kick, rear march, bandy twist, right flank, march. It became quite popular at camp (when

Gene Kelly and Rita Hayworth in a Columbia picture, "Cover Girl", one of the most artistic dances wartime movies have produced.

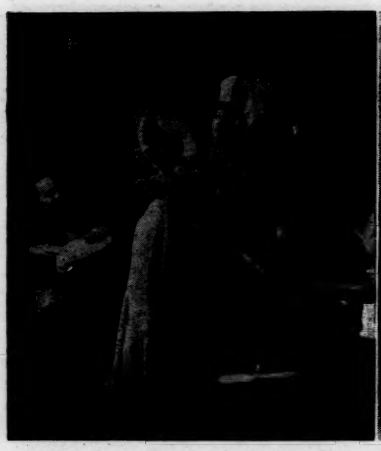
the top sergeant wasn't around). George married the girl next door because, as he said, he was brought up "to love your neighbor". He says being in "This is the Army" is a life of a soldier by day plus a life of a dancer by night, but he isn't complaining.

Barton Mumaw, last heard from in England, was a soloist with Ted Shawn's Men Dancers before induc-

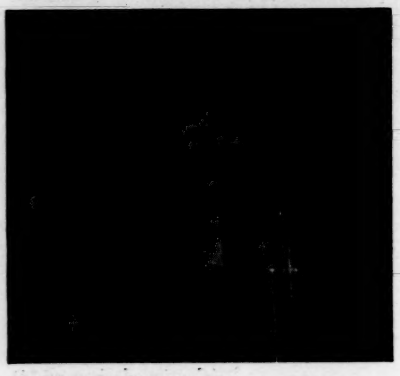
(Continued on page 29)

photo: Eileen Darby

Army and Navy sure dominate the new musical, "Follow the Girls", and everybody loves it!



Left to right: Katherine Dunham and company give volunteer "night off" shows for the U.S.O. Adrina Otero, a favorite veteran entertainer of the "boys" here and abroad. Carlos, Maylita, and Chorelita, fascinating Mexican Trio Maya, entertain in camps with gay, authentic dances.



DANCE GOES TO WAR

by BEATRICE de BALTAZAR

Marlene Dietrich Broadcasts on Dancing in the U. S. O.

"My being in danger! That doesn't matter! But the hundreds of fine young fighting soldiers in the audience, their safety and well-being does matter."

That is the answer Marlene Dietrich gave when I asked her if she wasn't in danger when she gave a show somewhere in Italy six hours after the Germans had vacated the spot. She sat atop a little table in one of the U.S.O. conference rooms to tell us about her ten weeks entertainment tour overseas.

"Every chance the boys get they put up a tent, build a floor, and just dance," Miss Dietrich continued.

"But with whom do they dance in these newly occupied areas?" I asked.

With the sparkling smile we all know so well from the films Miss Dietrich replied, "The boys dance with nurses, women officials, entertainers and just anyone who will dance with them."

Glamorous and charming Marlene Dietrich, her beauty enhanced, if anything, in her GI trousers, certainly has no doubt as to the fine job our dancers abroad are doing for the boys. As to their appreciation, well you should hear the applause.

Miss Dietrich is slated for an MGM picture in Hollywood but she hasn't even been in touch with her director out there. All she wanted to talk about was what to do for the boys on the fighting fronts.

It seems our boys at the front respond especially to two types of dancing. First comes the good rhythm and tap dancer. They know good tap, and they know fine rhythm. A dancer can't get away with a "dated" routine. Some of their favorites in this class are Eve Farney, Betty Bruce, Eve Matthews and Charlotte Fayne. Second come the different types of acrobatic dancers. They like the combination ballet, tap and slow acrobatic numbers. Pearl Cassen, now graduating from New York University, is one of their favorites of this type.

The reason it is so hard to present interpretive or profound ballet dances is that sometimes there is no scenery, the dancers often dance in broad daylight, and also because of travelling difficulties, the U.S.O. shows carry only one musician. Jack Snyder, a Brooklynite, went with Miss Dietrich's show. He is a pianist-accordionist, and a camp show veteran.

Miss Dietrich gave on the average of two shows a day, not counting the hospital visits she made. Only in Algiers and Naples did they perform in closed theatres. At all other places their shows were given in the open air from the back of a truck.

"I just adore riding in Jeeps," commented Miss Dietrich, "and I never wanted to take a day off." (However, she was hospitalized with virus pneumonia for a short time.) "I've never had such fine treatment in my life, nor better care," she said.

On the Anzio beachhead, these intrepid troupers gave their show in the sand dunes close to the water. They played to the hospitalized veterans of the first invasion. Imagine, it was the first entertainment any of the men had seen, since no other show group

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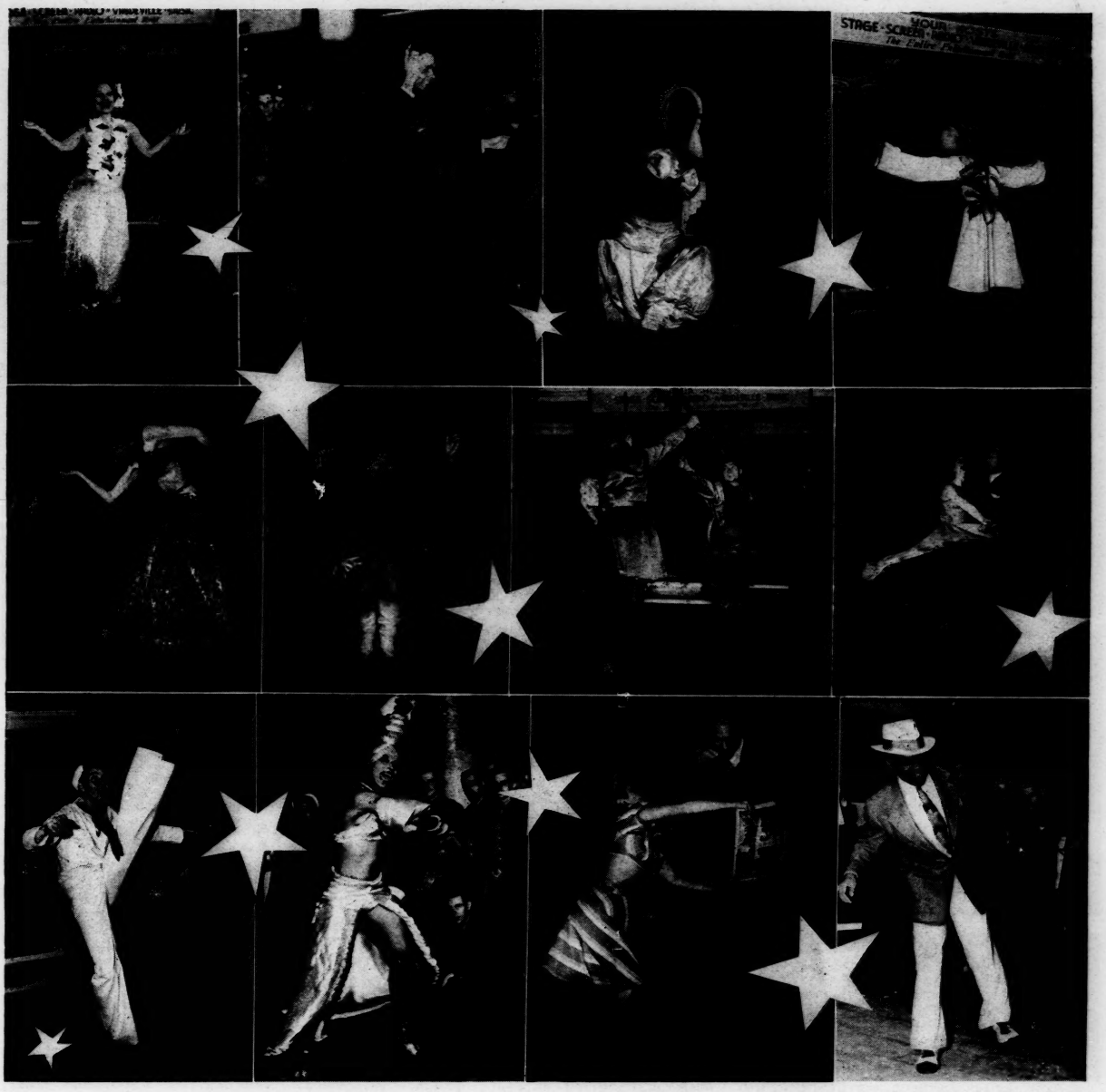
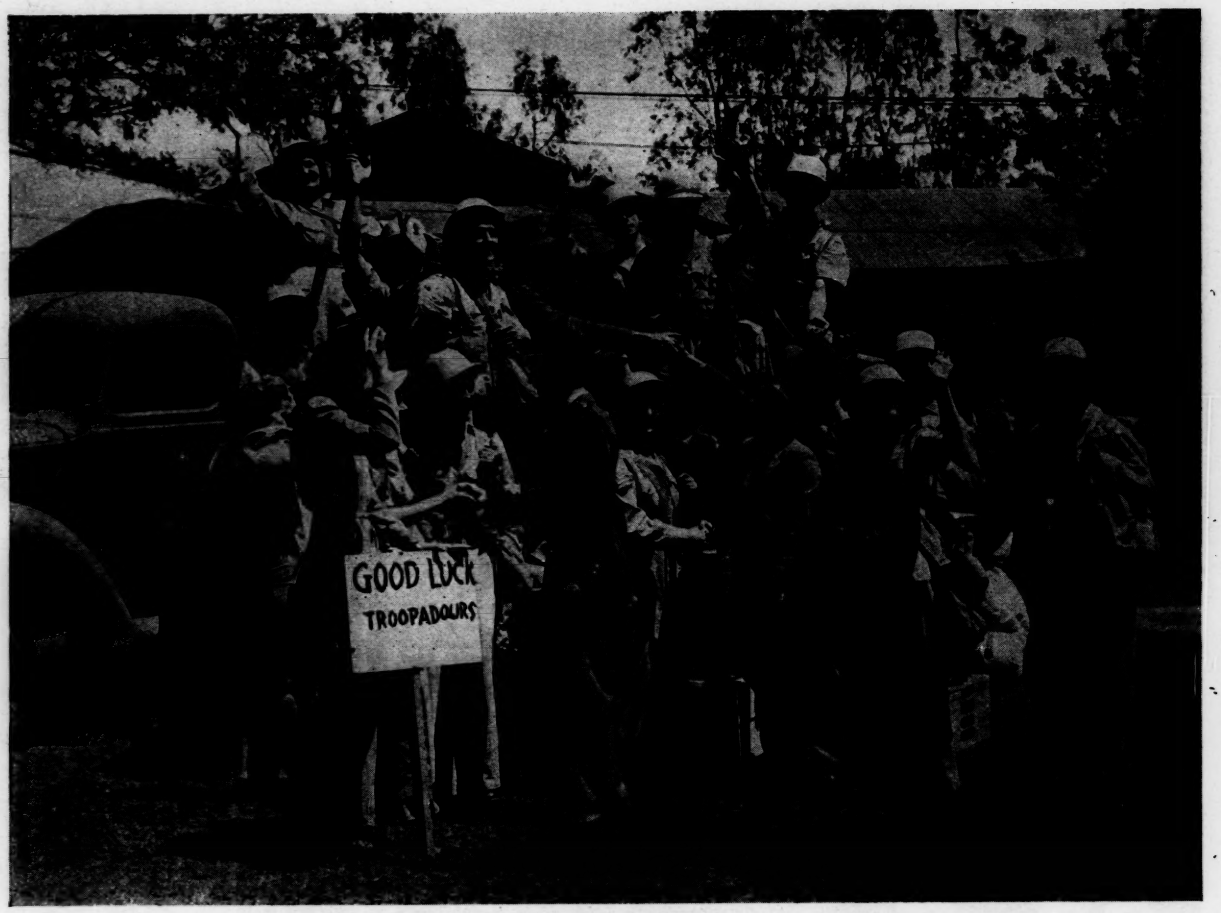


DANCING STARS AT THE STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

Dancers of every type entertain at the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen. 1. Alluring Keoloke, Hawaiian dancer. (Photo: Sidney G. Bernard). 2. Hal LeRoy brings down the house as usual. (Photo: Ben Kaplan) 3. Princess Vanessa dances her scimitar dance with dash and drama. (Photo: Sydney Hut). 4. Dmitry Martvianko of the Cassino Russe, does his dagger dance to thrill the GI's (Photo: Bernard). 5. Charlotte Lambertson is deaf, but her feet sense the rhythm, and she is an entrancing performer. (Photo: Bernard). 6. Nickey Nicholai, a lovely interpreter of the Russian Dance. (Photo: Bernard). 7. Sgt. Barzell's Ukrainian Dancers doing the Ukrainian Sword Dance, and there's plenty of fight in it. Barzell, facing the camera, is stationed at Fort Monmouth, N. J. (Photo: Siskind). 8. La Mar and Martin are exciting dancers from the Greenwich Village Inn show. (Photo: Bernard). 9. Acorn, of Acorn and Simmons, showing the canteen six feet of whirling energy. (Photo: Phin Zolot). 10. Pearl Primus, high powered concert dancer. 11. Lane and Ward, dancers with the Abe Lyman orchestra, delight with their comedy (Photo: Arthur G. Macauley). 12. Bill Robinson, demonstrating how he will dance when he reaches 80. (Photo: Arthur Johanes).



ON THE FIGHTING FRONT

An Interview with LT. ROCHE

If you don't believe that dancing has gone right to the front to help win the war, you should meet Lieutenant Lionel Roche of the Union Defense Forces Entertainment Corps of South Africa.

This charming gentleman has just paid the United States of America a visit to get further equipment for these twenty entertainment units which go right to the front to entertain.

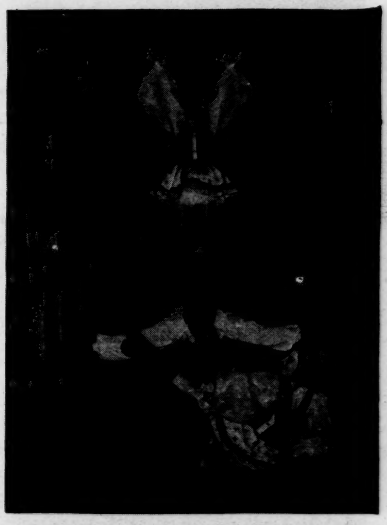
This entertainment corps is unique in many ways. First of all, it is made up of fully enlisted men and women. They are paid like soldiers, they live like soldiers. They are clothed like soldiers and disciplined like soldiers. The project is headed by Commander Myles Bamke.

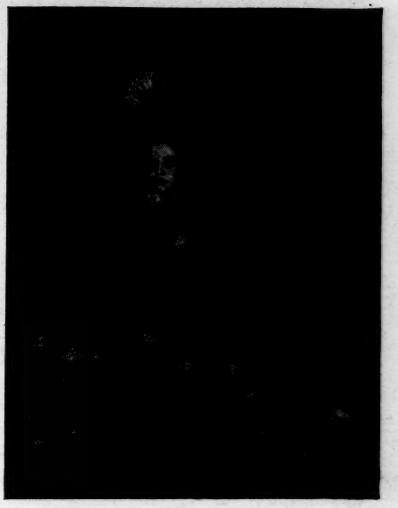
There are eighteen people in each of the twenty units. Of these, fifty per cent are professionals; fifty per cent amateurs. Every act begins and ends with dancing. Lieutenant Roche reports that the boys like all kinds of dancing. It doesn't matter whether it's ballet, tap, musical comedy, acrobatic or what, provided it is good of its kind, and in the U. D. F. Entertainment Corps it is good. Two of its members danced with the Ballet Russe. Top Sergeant A. Rodriques was principal dancer of the Cape Town Ballet Club, Lieut. Orwald Dover was a dancer with a big dance academy, Mervyn Fernie was Port Elizabeth's distinguished dancer and teacher, and so it goes.

These high spirited artists go all out for the war effort. They all cooperate in the production, staging as well as performing. Each unit has four trucks. One carries a portable stage, another the electrical equipment, a third the men and their costumes, the fourth, the women and their costumes.

When the unit arrives at a destination, the men set up the stage, while the women unpack and press costumes. The trucks are then used as dressing rooms.

These performances have been going on for four years. The artists say in that time they have had more experience and learned more than they would in twenty years on the regular stage.





On opposite page, "The Troopadours" with full equipment ready to depart to entertain the servicemen in the Middle East. Top: Four boys of the "Ballyhoos" do a take-off on the famous Tiller Girls to the delight of their soldier audiences in South Africa. Ken Geyer of the "Bandoliers" does a Carmen Miranda. Middle: The "Boomerangs" feature a thrilling adagio team. The "Crazy Gang" score with Russian Trio. The "Wotnots" present this lovely senorita in a Spanish Dance. But this is only a sample of the dancing given by these troops.

The Troopadours gave fifty performances in one area, three performances a day for three weeks. All in all these twenty units have given 75,000 performances to men at the front. They have entertained soldiers and sailors in the fighting area of Egypt, Tunis, Sicily, Italy, Syria, Palestine, Iran, Iraq and Tripolitania.

In the Sahara desert, they melted down aluminum from wrecked and abandoned planes and made taps for their shoes by pouring the melted metal into moulds made in the desert sands.

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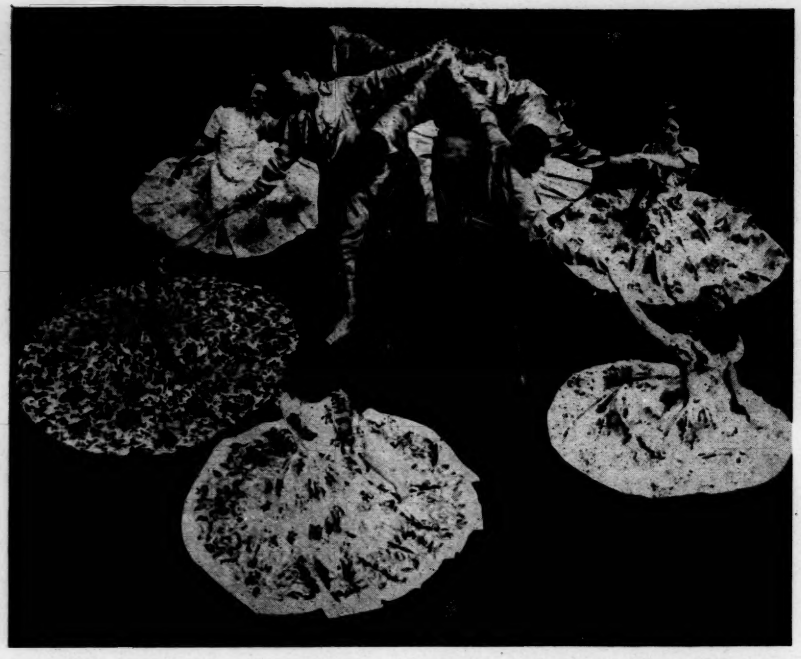

One of the decorative moments in the National Folk Festival held recently in Philadelphia

AMERICAN FOLK FESTIVAL

by DOROTHY SPENCE

THE light-hearted social dances of many nations now caught in the maelstrom of war were reproduced at the National Folk Festival which began on Wednesday afternoon, May 10, and continued with afternoon and evening performances through Saturday. The Festival, which was held at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, included more than six hundred participants of many different racial backgrounds from all over the country and several guest groups from the armed forces of our Allies stationed here.

In addition to traditional scenes and pantomimic dances from the "old" countries, the quaint and interesting customs which have sprung up in the New World and been immortalized in dance, were also portrayed. Nothing shows the temper of a nation so clearly as its dances, and it was thrilling to see the gaiety and gallantry with which our forefathers danced, released from the arduous dangers of creating homes from the wilderness.

The Festival was opened each day by the clanging of a bell as Amos Kubik, former town crier of Provincetown, Massachusetts, in true New England terms and garb, announced the news of the day. Another colorful daily feature were the native dances of the Kiowa Indians from Oklahoma.

One of the highlights of the Wednesday program was the dancing of the Sailors' Hornpipe by members of the crew of a British ship, wearing the uniform of the time of Admiral Nelson, at which time the dance originated. The Hegeman string band of the Mummers was also on this program and the renowned street cries of old Philadelphia were heard again. The program also included a group of miners' songs and dances, Lithuanian dances, Armenian dances, and the famous Polish Wedding dances.

THE FOLK DANCE

The feature of the Thursday program were Western dances by cowboys and their partners from Denver, Colorado. This folk expression is characterized by great vigor and energy as the cowboys swing their partners and lift them high into the air with much hilarity and shouting. On this same program a group of Pennsylvania Dutch songs were sung, and some famous old English ballads were given by Richard Dyer Bennett, minstrel from New York.

Friday's program presented Lumberjacks from Michigan who sang songs typical of the Paul Bunyan country. Pennsylvania fiddle tunes were played by a group from Quarryville, Pennsylvania. From the same town a group demonstrated the traditional Groundhog Day in costume. (Even Mr. Groundhog, himself, was present!) Chinese Naval Cadets stationed at Swarthmore College sang Chinese war songs, and there were Spanish, Bulgarian, Italian and Irish dances on the Friday program.

A second tribe of Indians, the Onondagas from New York State, did tribal dances on Saturday. Vocal groups from Boston, Virginia and Maryland sang traditional songs of their communities. There was a diversity of national dances including Finnish, Scottish, Portuguese, Russian, American Square and American Youth Hostel Folk Dances. The program was closed, as each day's session was, by the United States Coast Guard Band.

The Festival was sponsored by the Evening Bulletin Folk Festival Association of Philadelphia with an executive committee of prominent citizens headed by Dr. Herbert J. Tily. The National Advisory Committee of the National Folk Festival Association is composed of sixty-five people from different sections of the country who have specialized in certain phases of the folk expressions of the United States. Among the officers are: Paul Green, noted playwright of the University of North Carolina; Homer P. Rainey, President, University of Texas; Honorable Eugene V. Allessandroni, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas,

(*continued on page* 31)

English Folk dancing done here in America at the summer camp of the English Folk Dance Group, known as the "Country Dance Society". It has become a popular wartime recreation.

FOLK DANCING IN ENGLAND

by DOUGLAS KENNEDY

ENGLAND was industrialized so thoroughly in the last century that the old country customs almost died out. The folk songs and dances had to be revived and taught to children and grown-ups who would otherwise have never known them at all.

Cecil Sharp was the pioneer. He spent half his life seeking out the old country people who still remembered the folk songs and how the folk dances were danced. He wrote them all down and had them printed. The songs people could learn from those books. The dances he had to teach himself to as many other people as possible. He began with the members of a Working Girls' Club and the girls went around teaching the dances to other clubs.

At a Physical Training College he trained students to give performances of folk dancing to the public. Then he organized a summer school of his own at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, and taught anyone who liked to come and learn. There one would meet actors, authors, musicians, artists, parsons, laborers, as well as various kinds of teachers.

Nearly everyone would go back to his or her own district and teach a group of adults or children. So the folk dancing spread and began to get back into the villages and hamlets where it had been quite forgotten. All this teaching threw a lot of work onto Cecil Sharp so he decided to form a society called "The English Folk Dance Society." This was in 1911 and it soon became widely known.

During the first world war, 1914-18 when so many men were away fighting, the teaching was mostly done by women and folk dancing was mainly used in the girls' schools and by the small children who played the singing games. The result of the war was that many more girls were dancing than boys which was regretted since the Education Department of the Government wanted folk dancing done by all the children as part of their physical training. This training had previously been given as a rather dull drill and the dancing was a welcome addition. Not only was it much enjoyed by the children but it taught them good tunes and to walk and run gracefully.

After World War I there was a great boom in folk dancing. So many teachers wanted to come to the Folk Dance Schools that these had to be held at Easter and Christmas as well

(*continued on page* 31)

Right off the H.M.S. No. 314, these English tars joined the National Folk Festival. The dancer is supply petty officer Jim Platts. Watching are: telegrapher Albert Jones, stoker Ernest Bentham and radio mechanic Eric Gardner. The fiddler is our own Chris Sanderson.

The Marjorie Davis School of Dancing, Canada, conducts each week regular canteen evenings at her dance studio for the boys in service.

DANCE, SOLDIER, DANCE!

by ARTHUR PRILL

They've landed in England; a corporal comes from New York, his lieutenant from Salt Lake City, while in their platoon are boys from Milwaukee and from Tallahassee, but all of them hope that when they get their first leave and have had a glimpse of what the blitz did to London that they will also meet a nice English girl.

How? Why at a dance, of course. These soldiers are long on rumba and strong on conga; one of them has won a jitterbug contest. They know how to move through a foxtrot too, and a waltz (or so they think).

Now the English talk our language and cherish some of our ideals (or should we confess that we got some of our ideals from them), but they do not dance as we do and if the American soldier wants to get on with the speed to which he's accustomed when his good right arm passes around a slender waist, it would be helpful to know certain fundamentals for keeping boots off slippers.

Let's first look for the basic difference between American and English ballroom dancing: the latter, even for the simplest effects, has been developed by the English as an art in a spirit similar to that of ballet although, of course, not on anything like ballet's high level of technique. Yet the objectives of style and grace are the same, and having a good time on an English dance floor in superior surroundings depends, not on laughter, conversation or sex but on a consciousness of attaining those objectives of style and grace in harmony with a capable partner.

In Boston or Los Angeles you or I could advertise as dancing teachers, give any pupils we find whatever we think is good for them (as far as we have it to give) and we'd probably make a living. If we are also good businessmen and know a dozen steps for each popular dance, we may be able to develop a chain of dancing schools from one end of the country to the other and accumulate a small fortune (before income tax).

But try that in England and you'll sit twiddling your thumbs instead of your toes unless you have passed the examination of one of the professional associations such as the Imperial Institute of Dancing Teachers. You simply won't get any pupils: there is no written law on the subject but the pupils are too discriminating.

English dancing teachers saw, about twenty-five years ago, that different teaching methods even though employed in serious-minded schools resulted in lack of coordination when pupils variously trained met on a ballroom floor. Fundamentally bad for dancing as an art was that teachers working independently and without correlation of ideas could make little progress in the development of good dancing because this is not an individual's art as, for example, painting, but depends for success not only on perfect partnership in emotional expression by two persons but these, as a unit, must move in harmony with the size and shape of available space left by other dancers while all are under compulsion to harmonize their feelings as well as their footwork with the orchestra.

In England's best ballrooms, if you want to be looked at with something else than polite toleration, you need to recognize that as compared with "swing" gyrations, there can exist a more delicate expression of rhythmic emotion, something that appeals to our own highest sense of artistic grace in the molding of movement upon music. This claim includes no criticism of swing which has its place in the heart of Terpsichore and will eventually lead to something much finer; here is only a suggestion of what you may expect as mental attitude among English men and women who are considered the best dancers in their country.

On their "Tight Little Isle", the dancing teachers got together and decided on a method based on the one best set of principles which they could in unison develop. They selected a certain number of steps, figures, sequences and dances because there is a short limit to what an amateur can learn. Such advertisements as you may read in the New York papers: "You

can learn the Rumba, Tango and Foxtrot in only a few hours" . . . "Be a popular dancer in three hours even if you never danced a step before" would in England be considered fraudulent.

There, the teachers worked together until they completed a thorough analysis of the figures to be used: exactly which direction is the best for every step, when and where the body shall be allowed to sway, when to rise on the toes and when to relax on the heel. They developed sequences of figures which would leave the most pleasing trace on the dance floor, and now any good pupil from one of the recognized dance schools in the country can take a new partner from any other such school and immediately glide into a movement agreeable for both and a pleasure to watch.

The Four Standard Dances

In the first place it was considered that the negro dances and some from South America, however interesting when performed by the races which invented them to meet their own temperament, do not suit the English physique. Hence, in London and her sister cities, in places where you can meet a superior girl, (and omitting pubs and other joints where everything goes provided you buy enough drinks), four dances which permit graceful, controlled movement are most popular: they are the Quickstep, Slow Foxtrot, Slow Waltz and Tango.

We, in the United States have run the quickstep and the foxtrot into one; in London the timing, figures and artistic conception of these two dances are quite distinct. The time of the quickstep is four beats to a bar with a tempo of 48 to 50 bars a minute, which is already much slower than our orchestras usually play our foxtrots. The first and third beats of each bar are accented and English orchestras favored by dancers pay careful attention to both tempo and accent, varying with each of the four dances because, for example, the figures of the foxtrot can not be done to the comparatively fast time of the quickstep.

In this matter of tempo, an American, on the grounds of what he does at home, is likely to say: "That's too slow; our boys and girls would fall asleep to such music." His error would lie in ignorance of the English "style" which assumes long glides for about half of the steps. Such a glide usually begins on the heel and ends, rising on the toes: the next step or two may be up on the toes and shorter but the "fall", back to the heel comes soon and the whole figure being complicated by one or more turns on either heels or toes, includes covering so much ground that the dancer must exert plenty of energy and gets just as much action as the American with his rapid but short steps. He will find it quite impossible to dance any faster than the Englishman.

Our own corporal, lieutenant or private needs also to note a constantly recurring difference in the speed with which these people move their feet as their steps follow one another. At home, as a rule he takes each step, one after the other at the same speed —without appreciable change of fixed rhythm. However, if he is young and considers himself clever with his feet he will make some irregular changes which in swing can become tumultuous, but such style is not consonant with the English character and is ruled out by their idea of ballroom dancing. You can persist and for various reasons can still get girls to go on the floor with you but they won't like it! That they say nothing, certifies their good breeding and your infantile paralysis above the neck.

The Egyptian who has never tasted butter doesn't know that his bread could be improved in more ways than one and the Gentleman from Kansas City, sliding off with a bony-jawed Miss in the vicinity of the Haymarket (where there's been no hay for a century) should try to feel her attempts to guide him into a timing which she may express, to help him, by the words: "Slow—slow—quick—quick—slow" or such similar sequence as the music and simplest figures dictate to her mind. This is important because if you do not so change your timing you'll step on her toes for the short quicks, and pull her off balance for the slows. These are the times when even the wellbred Englishwoman speaks her mind right out, which would surely make you think that after all, there's no girl like the one you left behind you and no place like home, say—Yerington, Nevada.

Technique of the English Foxtrot

While a good American dancer will usually get through the quickstep if he pays attention to the above hints, the London foxtrot is fundamentally different from the American style for the same dance. For this, our soldier could do worse than take a bus to Regent Street near Oxford and drop into the "British Dancing School" (get the exact number out of a telephone book); I hope it's still standing, if not find its new location.

The corporal who tries a lesson will find that while the fox here is also timed four beats to a bar, the music plays only 31 to 33 bars per minute which, from such sole description would sound inordinately slow but the glides are extra long with the result that the dancers travel with considerable speed and are kept thoroughly busy as turns and sways must be perfectly controlled if the smoothness demanded for this dance is to be attained. In fact its graceful possibilities are its attractive feature; it looks the easiest and is the hardest in the Eng-

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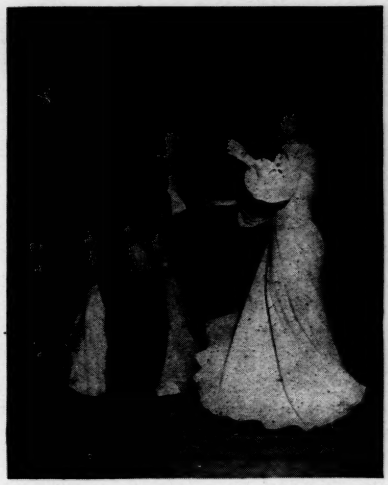


Pete Bentz and Betsy Ann Peck enjoy a jitterbug session at the Yankee Doodle Dandy Canteen.

Elaine Arndt and Corp. Evelyn Flaherty dance with T/5 Marvin Mead and T/Sgt. A. R. Kirkman.

photo: Armored Command Signal Corps

CHOREOGRAPH THIS ONE!

If you've always wanted to make up a dance hit, here's your chance. If you have already scored at ballroom steps, here's another chance.

This is how it all happened. Mr. Irwin Joseph, a successful businessman, believes in hobbies. He decided to try to write a song hit. His first attempt almost turned the trick. His "The Smiths and the Jones (The Kellys and the Cohens)" was sung by Kate Smith and enjoyed popularity. Here is his second creation.

We think "Swagger and Sway" a cute idea and a good danceable tune, so we decided to let our readers make up a new dance hit to go with it. The best dance sent in will be presented before the dance teachers' conventions and published in DANCE Magazine.

The judges will be Aennchen, Oscar Duryea, Willard Hall, Franklyn Oakley, Donald Sawyer, A. J. Weber and Gordon Witt, all outstanding authorities in the ballroom dance.

Your routine should have three separate steps as original and danceable as possible. It should be typewritten on regular white paper and set to the music by indicating counts and measures in your description. Start now. Have some fun and maybe create the next dance sensation.

Here's some advice on making up a dance. Don't take it unless you want to.

Play music over until you are very familiar with it.

Try to get a tricky new step to go with the verse.

Try to get a cute new step to go with the first eight measures of the chorus, another climactic one to go with the last eight measures.

Try these with the music. Try to fit them to the rhythm and melody.

Try the steps with a partner. Write in any differences between boy's and girl's part other than opposite feet.

Go over it again trying to pep it up with changes of tempo here, changes of position there. Write it all down clearly.

Try it on some of your friends or pupils to see how it clicks. Revise.

Send it to DANCE Magazine with your name and address, and do it NOW. All entries must be in by the first week in August.

SWAGGER AND SWAY

Moderato
Words & Music by Irwin S. Joseph
Voice
The tem-po of our life is chang-ing all the time We
have to change our step from day to day. Ev- en on the dance floor They
have a brand new step, You'll dance it when you hear the mu-sic play:-
Refrain
We've got a new step to day It's called the
Slowly and rhythmically
mp-mf

Copyright by Irwin S. Joseph 1944

SWAG-GER AND SWAY. First you sway from
side to side, Next you do the swag- ger stride, Then you slow
down for a while, Just to al- ter your style,
Then you pit-a-pat your lit- tle feet to-geth-er Turn-ing as they
play Youll nev-er be a lag-ger When you do the SWAG-GER AND
1. SWAY. We've got a
2. SWAY.

MARINA GIVES A PREVIEW

by GRACE MARIE D'ANDREA

Gay, rollicking notes of the Army Air Corps' song marched in through the studio window. They mingled with the serenely romantic tones of the ballet music from "Rosamunde."

Marina, in blue leotard and short, circular practice-skirt, stood on her right toe point. She stretched her left leg at the barre to limber her hip muscles. She sighed heavily. Gracious, but she was exhausted . . . and that pain in her left leg! Two hours of nothing but exercises, already. Her right leg felt numb.

Oh, darn these torturous methods! But there was no other way. Marina's fluid arms and hands kept time to the Schubert melody. Here she was, destined to be chained to pliés and battements, with no other avenues open to her. It was so terribly unfair.

The oculist had warned her when she was at college. "No more reading or writing for you, young lady. Your eyes are too badly overstrained. Blindness will most certainly result if you don't stop studying."

Marina, who thirsted for knowledge and had her heart set on teaching, realized with grim finality that she had to find something to do. But what was there that wouldn't cause further eye-strain?

Luckily, Marina had had some ballet lessons as a child. This was the answer. Here she would find solace and a way of earning her living. Her own mother had always wanted to be a dancer, but never had the chance. Maestro Oliveroff, usually phlegmatic, was enthusiastic about Marina from the beginning. She poured all her frustrations and love for beauty into the dance.

"In every way you are perfect for ze ballet," Oliveroff told her after her fifth lesson with him. "But you must work and work hard."

"Work hard—for what?" Marina asked herself now. There were two solid years of painstaking labor behind her, and a lifetime ahead. Never would she be able to relax. Oliveroff's words came back: "A ballerina must have patience, she must make sacrifices."

Patience . . . with so much to be done . . . with a war on . . . and she forced into the sidelines! The Degas painting of a ballet dancer on the wall above the barre was just a blur. Marina came down off toe. The perspiration beaded her classic face. Her breath came sharply. There was yet breath control to master.

"Center now," called Oliveroff, "Coupé pirouettes." The "Rosamunde" record was finished, and the notes from the band outside became more insistent.

"I can't stand it—I can't—," Marina cried as she sat down with her characteristic lightning-like movement. She untied the ribbons of her slippers and hurled them through the open door.

A puzzled English aviator suddenly appeared in the studio holding Marina's beribboned, rejected toe shoes in his outstretched hands.

Oliveroff stopped the Russian polka he had just put on the Victrola. He folded his arms and said nothing. His ballet cane hung from his fingers. He knew it wasn't temperament at all. There was too much of the energetic artist struggling for achievement in Marina. He knew that the strain of ballet on both body and mind was terrific.

Marina felt helplessly lost. She began to sob. "What am I being punished for? Why do I have to wear myself out for something, I'm not even sure I've got enough ability for? Why?" She didn't go on.

"Pardon me," a calm British voice drifted above her downcast head. Marina's stormy brown eyes looked up to gaze into a pair of placid, blue-gray ones. A young man in the slate-blue uniform of the R.A.F. was standing over her. In his outstretched hands were Marina's soiled slippers with their pink ribbons dangling crazily. He presented an incongruous picture. Looking at her bare feet and knowing what her tear-stained face must look like, Marina was forced to smile. She took the slippers from him and thanked him.

The aviator's smile came quickly. "I found them in the hall," he ventured with his appealing English accent. "I noticed the ballet school sign outside—" His voice broke off wistfully and he looked around the studio. Somehow, Marina felt that he was talking more than was his usual custom, and that he seemed to be trying to control his emotions.

"It has been a very long time," he went on slowly, "since I've seen the ballet in London. Would you let me watch you—just for a little while?"

(*Continued on Page* 30)

PARTNERS IN UNIFORM

by JUANITA EASTMAN

A USO hostess tells her experiences dancing with G.I.'s

A lonely clarinet whines mournfully above the monotone of instruments mixed with voices. Caught in the mood of that delicate mixture of music, you walk over to the desk where a sophisticated middle-aged woman takes your name and address and hands you a

badge. You no sooner have your name on that dotted line when the drummer gets the beat, the trumpets blast forth, and those dreamy dancing couples turn into sad cases of epileptics. With a gulp of helplessness you glance down at your badge, that shining symbol of the USO dance hostess. But this moment of meditation is not for long, for you have been noticed by a khaki-clad, and in the course of a few words off you both go into the whirlpool of uniforms.

Your partner, a tall long-legged boy from Texas, starts out with something resembling a square dance and the Charleston. This isn't an easy one to begin the evening with, you tell yourself, as he drags you along. You soon learn that one sure way to tell a "Texas stomper" is by the amount of noise he makes in picking his feet up and putting them down again. It's amazing what a beating those GI shoes can take.

After five steps with "Tex," you find yourself whisked off and suddenly bent backward in a terrifically low dip. This can be none other than upper state New York style. You aren't considered a good dancer in this part of the country until you crack at least three vertebrae.

Before you can think of a good chiropractor to make an appointment with, a little bland-haired Corporal jives out with "Gimme some skin, kid," and you find yourself in the middle of a "mean" lindy. This is typical Brooklyn, and includes everything from the minuet down to the boogie woogie. At this stage of the game, you find it's versatility that counts. Your man might also break into a peabody, which is a series of extremely long glides backward over the floor, which ends up with the "corkscrew," a knee twisting little feat which is quite difficult to master at first, but perseverance is another trait for which you are now noted.

You will probably stay with Brooklyn longer than usual, because you cover so much of the floor at one time, it's hard for the fellows to catch up with him to tag him.

But at last you change partners, and you really have a change. This fellow is a smooth dancer who does something resembling a plain and simple fox trot. You find out, of course, he is a foreigner. A Britisher, to be exact, and that accounts for the conservative manner of dance. This type of dancing is such a relief after the jive session you just went through that you find yourself hoping your partner won't be tagged, but of course you remind yourself there are five males to every female, and you find yourself staring at a new face.

It's a sailor who hails from the old

Sketches by Ruthella Wade

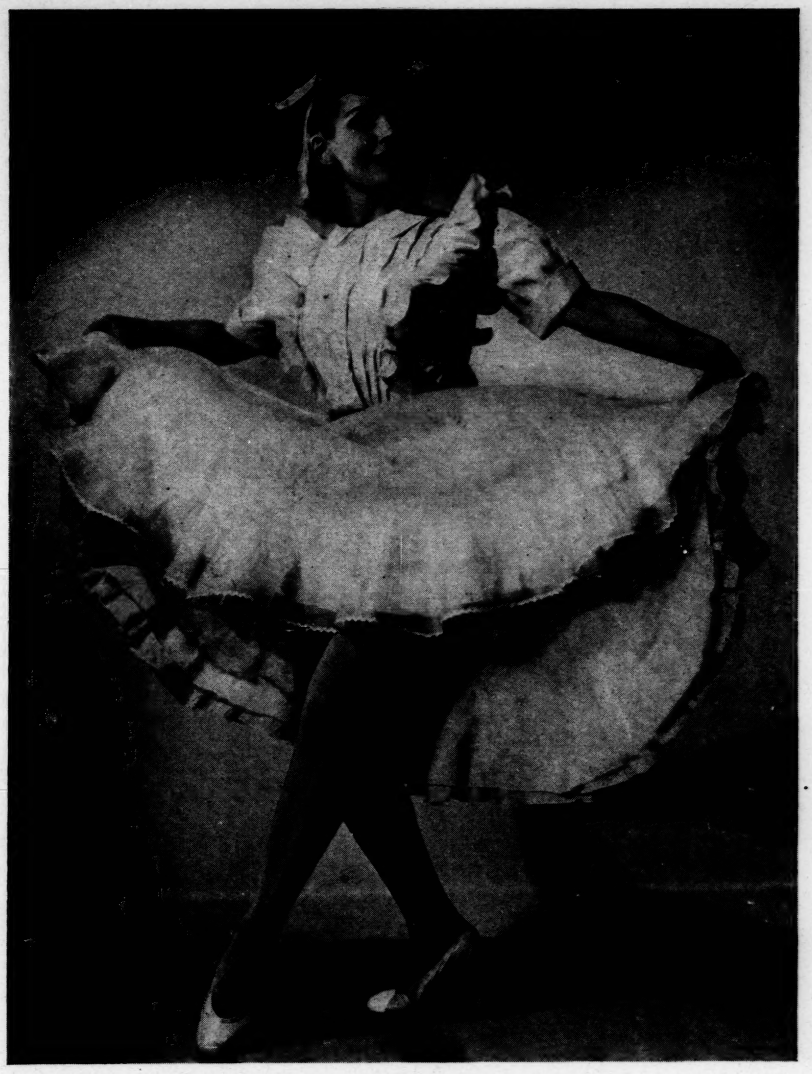
bean town on the Charles. What he does with his feet interests you, but what really holds your attention is his shoulders. In fact, you find yourself downright staring at them. He has a way of twisting them around and moving them up and down all at the same time. It resembles something of a Far East snake dance and you come to the conclusion he learned it while on leave at some Eastern port. But when he points out two fellow Bostonians at the dance, you see that they are going through the same hypnotizing movements and you just pass it off as a Boston style.

A light tap on your partner's shoulder brings you out of your trance. Ah declah, but yo' new pa'tnah jus' rolled in f'om No'th Ca'ahlina. You soon discover he covers more ground with that Southern lingo than with his feet, but now the time is up with him, and he gracefully hands you over.

You now have eight bars of music to finish, and your latest is the grand climax. He is the one who has been all over, and he makes no exception with your feet. He has a style that includes all forty-eight of our states and you breathe a sigh of relief when the last chord is played.

Your partner leads you over to the coke bar, which, in your condition, looks like an oasis in the middle of the Sahara. This moment of intermission gives you a chance to gather your thoughts and weigh the experience you just went through. It was different, alright. In peacetime they don't tag as much. Say, come to think of it, you were quite popular. Well, maybe the other girls were tagged just as much, but you still feel good. But then looking at the serious side of things, you didn't sign your name on that dotted line to show how popular you could be. Remember? You wanted

(*continued on page* 31)



PIN-UP DANCER

Blond, with starry sapphire blue eyes, a quick sweet smile and an Aphrodite profile, no wonder Katherine Sergava is the pin-up girl of hundreds of soldiers and sailors who have written for her photo from Africa, Italy, the Aleutians and as many more fighting fronts.

White is her favorite color, then blue, but she is fond of all colors and likes plenty of them. "Shocking" is her first choice in perfume right now and she adores Shostakovich, Copeland, Prokofief, Mozart and Bach as a musical diet. She wears only occasional pieces of jewelry, and then only when she is in the mood. She enjoys good food, in fact she is quite a gourmet, being a connoisseur of oriental cooking. She is intrigued with American grapefruit, avacado pears and raw celery. She thinks our chicken salad is a culinary masterpiece.

She hates to walk, hates crowds, hates to shop, but loves to buy things. She collects books, chiefly on History, Art and Renaissance. She only keeps books she has read and likes, and can't understand why people bother to collect books that they don't read. Her favorite clothes are sportswear, but she likes skirts better than slacks (who wouldn't with legs like hers). She loves tennis, swimming, and would adore to ice skate, but like most dancers, does not dare risk being put out of commission by a fall. She thinks our New England Autumns are the most gorgeous in the world.

She goes to every dance recital that doesn't conflict with her own appearance at "Oklahoma!" She spends all her off nights in the theatre seeing other shows. She adored "Only the Heart". Doris Humphrey's "Inquest" thrilled her (she threw it a kiss as she said this). Judith Evelyn is one of her favorite actresses and so is Betty Field. Orson Welles is her favorite actor.

Sergava studied dancing under Michel Fokine, then Mikhail Mordkin. She appeared with the Mordkin Ballet, then with Ballet Theatre. She went to South America with the de Basil Co. She pioneered in ballet for the U.S.O. giving her first solo dance concert in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She was surprised and thrilled that the men went most wild about her classical numbers choreographed by de Mille and set to Bach. She appeared in "Hell on Wheels" at Jacob's Pillow and created the part of Cerrito in Anton Dolin's "Pas de Quatre." Then her chance came to dance the leading role in Agnes de Mille's ballet in "Oklahoma!"

She is a devoted student of technique and insists every dancer should study continually. "I will still be studying if I live to be a hundred" said Sergava in her soft slow way but you knew she meant it. Right now she is working with Edmond Caton, Nemtchinova and Romanoff.

She is looking forward to flying after the war. She was taught by Ralph W. Smith, Admiral Byrd's pilot, and can fly her own plane. And so it goes. As you talk to this lovely creature, you realize more and more that in spite of the fact that such connoisseurs as Carl Lind and Waldo Peirce consider her an outstanding beauty and the world acclaims her one of its loveliest dancers, Katherine Sergava is a strange and fascinating paradox, a sweet detached spirit in a vital modern personality.

Boys of the A.E.F., you sure have good taste!

DANCER IN THE ARMY

by FREDERICO REY

Dancing into the New Year and into the Army was the happy beginning of 1943. It all happened at Fort Dix where a few days previously I gave my farewell performance in civilian life for an all soldier audience, with the valuable and gracious assistance of my two dear partners, Argentinita and Pilar Lopez.

This was my first experience dancing for the G.I.'s. The first appearance after my induction into the United States Army took place at the Officers Club. The real contact with the enlisted men came a few days later when appearing on the regular recreation program under the "baton" of Sgt. Leonard, talented singer, previously with Tommy Dorsey's band, and by now in charge of the recreation program and band at Fort Dix reception center.

For the first time I learned, and the hard way too, the reaction of an audience who, not only was not up on Spanish dancing, but many had never witnessed any stage dancing at all.

It took me several performances to realize fully, that a completely new crowd of people had to be initiated. but they were willing to learn more about this particular form of dancing.

I decided to start my appearances with an introductory speech, especially after one of the boys rustled backstage one evening, enthusiastically commending me upon my interpretations of "cowboy dances."

One of the very first things to explain to them, was that Spanish folklore dancing had no relation and should not be confused with Rhumbas, Congas or Ballroom Tangos.

Then my Basic Training started at Camp Grant and little time was left for practicing or dancing. I managed nevertheless, to use every spare moment for practicing in some empty gymnasium d o i n g 'bar' work and pounding my castanets without any musical accompaniment. Very soon a special service officer took hold of me and scheduled many performances at the service club, often after a ten or fifteen mile hike.

A huge bond show was planned in the nearby town at Rockford and intensive rehearsals were started for this all-soldier show. Not minding in the least, the additional strain of late rehearsals a f t e r a day of soldiering, (starting at 5:30 AM) those rehearsals lifted my morale at least 100%.

At one time the stage was flooded with water used by a vaudeville team preceding me; as a matter of fact, this act, during my entire stay at Camp Grant was my "bete noire" since it was invariably scheduled on the program just before my appearance. Before long I was assigned to a medical outfit (to which I still belong) and was shipped out to California.

My final performance before leaving Camp Grant was for the hospital patients. By that time my audience was sufficiently initiated to e n d u r e, and nearly 'enjoy' a full hour program of exclusive Spanish folklore songs and dances. The songs were interpreted by the talented singers of the Rockford Music Club.

On the second day of my stay at Palm Springs the Commanding Officer entered the office bearing the issue of Life Magazine which publicized my picture taken during the Camp Grant show. Without g i v i n g it a second thought, since perhaps he knew that a bird like myself would probably do more harm than good attending the patients, he bestowed upon me the honor of being the camp mail clerk.

Practicing my dancing was difficult. Palm Springs being a renowned winter resort, famous for its tropical sun in mid-December, was not at all ideal for practicing in the middle of the month of July! Fortunately, the Red Cross allowed me to practice in one of their air-cooled backstage dressing rooms in the Recreation Building.

I had just started to limber up my rusty bones when a benefit performance was scheduled at the Plaza Theatre; the premiere of "This is the Army." The performance was a huge success. The audience, mostly civilian, reserved an ovation for my rudimentary presentation, without costumes or accessories of the Spanish dance.

I must admit that it was one of those few performances one feels satisfied with in itself. My accompanist, Sgt. Irwin Arluck of the Ferry Command played to perfection. The interior decorating of the Plaza Theatre represented a Spanish Vigage under a starry summer night's sky, setting perfectly the mood for the performance.

When the cooler month of September came and Palm Springs started to be as comfortable as well as beautiful, we moved to a spot well known for its chilly climate and persistent rains. We had a crowded training schedule and the mail clerks were submerged under an ever growing avalanche of parcels and letters. Our group was occupying a newly built hospital and at night I'd slip into one of the empty ward barracks to practice. Lights weren't connected yet and I worked steadily in the dark, until the hollow sound of my castanets, "zapateados" and my own shadow in the moonlight produced such a creepy and spooky effect that I scared myself out of the building.

During the month of December the usual Christmas and New Year entertainment had to be planned and a pianist had to be found. This time one of our nurses, Lt. Barbara Kelleher was kind enough to spend many hours of her spare time practicing with me and we prepared a whole program. This of course didn't prevent my service officer from expecting me to perform my Zotas, Corridas and Flamenco dances to the accordion, because the piano was too heavy to be moved.

Another day, I gave three performances (it brought back memories of the good old days working with Gracie Fields in the Broadway show "Top

(continued on page 30)

DANCING IN WAR AND PEACE

by LUCY LAMPKIN

THE Dance has always flourished in days of war as well as in times of peace. In hours of destruction, death, sorrow and suffering, the soul of man finds solace in religion and in art and turns again to the contemplation of beauty in order that we may reaffirm spiritual values and dedicate ourselves anew to the revelation of spiritual truths.

During the present wartime, the dance is being employed as a morale builder by entertainers at innumerable army camps. As a part of the physical fitness program, it is serving to promote the health and well-being of the workers in our defense plants. As education and as a wholesome form of recreation, it is promoting the welfare of our children and young people.

It is, however, to the dance in peace that we must turn our thoughts in order that we, the dance profession, may be ready to embrace a future which holds the promise of a greater fulfillment and a more glorious benefit than we have yet dreamed of. Always after destruction, creation; after death, new life; after despair, the dawn of hope. Such is the balance wheel on which man pins his highest aspirations, for of such is the law of life.

The dance was regarded by the ancient Greeks, Egyptians, and by our own American Indians, as an expression of religion. It is to this ancient concept that we must return, in order that we may reap the harvest of the fruits of peace. It is only through rededication of ourselves and our works that we may become the bearers of the vision of great art to the consciousness of men. So may we help to heal the torn minds and wounded spirits of our returned Comrades-in-Arms. He who has lived with horror should in days of peace behold the harmony, the rhythm and symmetry of great art.

All great artists practice spiritual as well as physical discipline. At this time, we dancers should feed our souls on great books, great music, that we in turn may give sustenance and inspiration to those who need it. Forgotten and laid aside in the dreary past should be all the dances of conflict and strife, the negativistic dances of insanity and hallucination, of despair and emotional turmoil, which deluged us for more than a decade. Great dancing touches the heart with rapture and lifts the spirit to undreamed of heights of ecstasy. Each of us must give to our returned heroes a glorious vision of life, of which no art is so capable as is the dance.

In days of peace, the dance will be called upon to reaffirm its values. In the theatre there should be a great Rennaissance of fine dancing. The United States boasts so many capable dancers and each of these should be given a place. Many new companies should flourish and young creative talent should find release in designing the perfect setting for the dance. Youth seeks and will find the fulfillment of its ideals and the highest realization of its dreams. So the world of the theatre must prepare to receive our returned artists with a welcome which offers new hope and a great opportunity. Men who are weary from battle need spiritual and mental refreshment. The world of the theatre should lay aside its discordant themes to give gaiety, joy and beauty to those who need their healing power.

In the field of education the dance will be called upon to embrace an all-inclusive program. For the dance to maintain the place it deserves, all cults and factions must be broken down. To become a peer of music, the dance will have to be taught as the art of movement, just as music is taught as the art of sound, including all periods and styles. To command the respect accorded to artists in other fields, the dance-educator must not limit the scope of her work to one little system of which she is a prejudiced follower. Tolerance is the greater part of wisdom. Our students must be given a cultural background of the art and a varied program on which to build.

The student with no professional aspirations must be vouchsafed the benefits to be derived from dance training; namely, the good posture and rhythmic coordination, such as no other art or sport can give, the grace, poise, and beauty of bearing, and the much-needed spiritual elan or lift. These are the fruits of dancing when it is well taught.

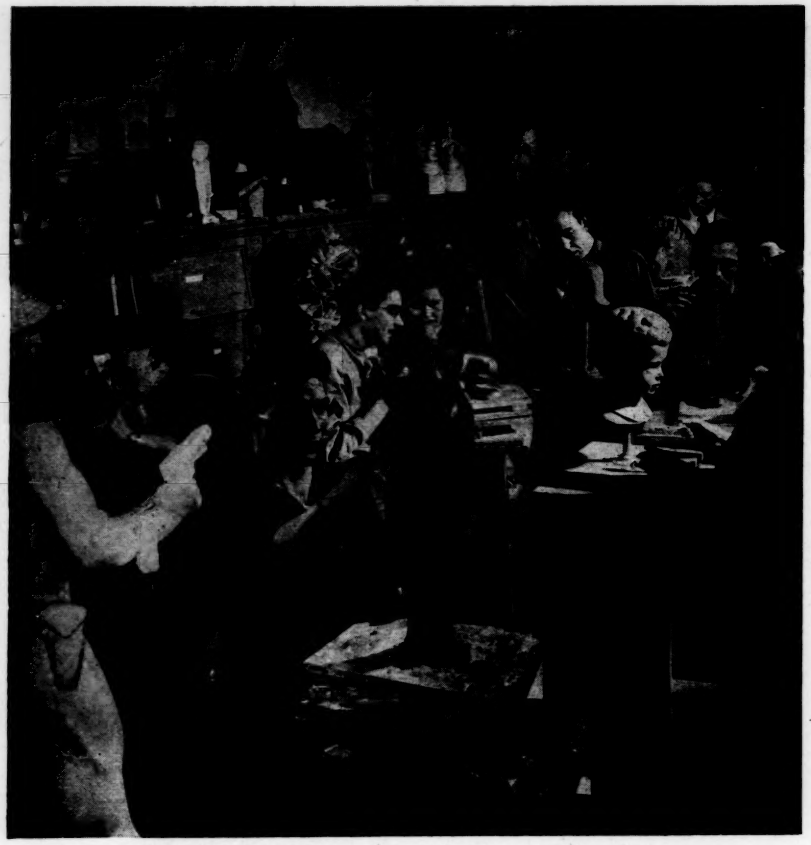
photos: A. D. Vinci

Maria Theresa, who recently gave a recital in honor of her teacher, Isadora Duncan, shows in contrasting photographs the joy and freedom of peace, and the struggle and violence of war.

As physical fitness, the dance in days of peace should be more closely allied to physical and psychological sciences than ever before. In this way the dance, while assisting healthy people to maintain their bodies in beauty and power, may also aid in restoring injured bodies to health and usefulness.

As recreation, the dance of the future must assure parents, ministers and educators that it is worthy of the name—that it truly can recreate its followers. Dancing can be the most wholesome and happiest form of recreation for people of all ages. It is up to the dance teachers to prepare themselves to participate in this worthwhile program.

In the coming peace, the dance profession looks forward eagerly to a new era. It is through dedication of ourselves and our works that we may be worthy to participate in building a brave new world in which the dance may become the expression of a glorious affirmation of life.



A usual, busy session at the Clay Club Canteen producing its quota of dancing figures.

SCULPTURE CANTEEN

The Clay Club of New York and its Sculpture Canteen for Servicemen at 4 West 8th St., New York, is of importance to dancers for several reasons.

First, dancing and sculpture are closely related arts of three dimensional space. Sculpture has been called frozen dance; and dancing, living sculpture. No wonder so many sculptors declare dancers their favorite models, and we find a dancer like Pavlova devoting her spare moments to modeling dancing statuettes.

Second, the Clay Club is an accomplishment in a type of artistic cooperation that dancers would do well to study and emulate. Starting with a group of enthusiastic students of sculpture led by a young sculptress, Dorothea Denslow, it has grown in sixteen years of cooperative enthusiasm from an unhoused group of young idealists to a mature group of accomplished artists with the first building in the country to be used entirely as a sculpture center. They now have their own charming gallery, studios, kilns, in short, full equipment from the making of the armatures to the final casting, baking, patining, even to a place for putting the finished sculpture on display to the public. And all this without any endowments or outside financial assistance. If dancers had worked with the same zeal and cooperation for the last sixteen years, they would now have a theatre and studio building of their own.

Another reason why the Clay Club is of special interest to dancers is the philosophy of its approach to art. The conventional approach of technique first, then creative activity later, was completely reversed. Here, young sculptors start with the creative urge and are allowed to develop their own personal manner of expression. They are then encouraged to acquire the technique necessary to complete their creation and the classes for this are provided.

Models are to be had at the Club, but emphasis is put on a free creative approach to subject matter and treatment.

"It is interesting," said Miss Denslow, "how frequently the sculptor chooses to create dancing figures entirely out of his imagination."

Pvt. Tommy Lyons, U. S. Army, was sculpturing an exotic looking head. It turned out to be Nora Kaye, and Tommy, on questioning, turned out to be quite a balletomane.

During its varied career of sixteen years, the Clay Club has given, among hundreds of other exhibits, one completely devoted to "Sculpture of the Dance."

Today the Clay Club has gone to war with the rest of the world. Its members are scattered through the branches of the service, and mail from them comes from all over the world.

Once again the Clay Club becomes a leader for its sister art, the dance, to follow. The Clay Club has thrown open its studio to the servicemen to

John Robinson U. S. C. G., a dancer before the war, sculptures a lovely dance figure in his time off, at the Clay Club Sculpture Canteen.

Pvt. Tom Lyons' saucy line caricatures of Patricia Barker in "Barn Dance", Agnes De Mille in "Rodeo", "Les Sylphides", Janet Reed in "Judgement of Paris" and in "Pillar of Fire".

use free of charge. Some of the visitors are sculptors, but most of them are young men who are handling clay for the first time. It has proven a joyous and beneficial recreation for these artistic spirits, a happy, social and creative way to spend spare time. It has also brought relaxation and rehabilitation to many. Last but not least, it has kept the professional sculptor's hand in the work he loves most, so he won't be completely out of practice when the war is over.

Every dancing school in the country could help to do the same thing for their boys in the service. Many are doing it, but we wish there were more.

When we went to visit the Clay Club to get this story for our readers, the incorrigibly gay and whimsical sculpture of Sergeant Sascha Brastoff was on exhibit. Sergeant Brastoff is a dancer as well as a sculptor (you may have seen him in the Cleveland Civic Ballet). He is now doing a riotous take-off on Carmen Miranda in "Winged Victory." His unique paper sculpture is now a popular form of diversion in the ranks. Paper sculpture material is sent even to the front to keep the boys amused and busy.

Johnny Robinson came into prominence recently for his sculpture of a ballet dancer. He was a dancer but took up sculpture at the Club, during his spare moments from Coast Guard duties. Now out of the service, he is dancing in "Mexican Hayride" and making clay figures that dance too; a happy union of the two arts.

While at the Club, we had a nice chat with Corporal David Loshak, Clay Club secretary, who has a great flair for ballet. He has seen most of the great dancers and inquired specifically the whereabouts of Riabouschinska, Lichine and Toumanova. He knew the styles and fine points of all the leading ballet dancers.

Miss Denslow, a jolly and efficient hostess, as well as an inspired directress, took us from cellar to attic, showing us every nook and cranny of the amazing Clay Club. We swapped stories and enthusiasms about sculpture and the dance. Miss Denslow has taught sculpture at the Perry Mansfield School in Colorado Springs, and spoke knowingly of the innate relation of dance and sculpture. Her sculpture class used to adore to model the dance students, and the dancers in turn learned much of three dimensional design from the young sculptors.

The club is open all summer and the time we dropped in, it was being enthusiastically patronized in spite of the heat wave.

Left to Right: A ballet dancer fashioned by Sergeant Sascha Brastoff out of mere paper. A dancer sculptured by John Robinson. Carmen Miranda in terra cotta by Sgt. Brastoff, now dancing a satire on Miranda in "Winged Victory". Two companion pieces by Sahl Swarz.

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NEWS AND CUES OF DANCERS IN SERVICE

Igor Youskevitch is on his way to making the same fine record in the Coast Guard that he made as a dancer. He has already passed two of the stiffest exams in the Physical Training Instructors School in spite of having to write them in English. He is now a Petty Officer and training the boys in gymnastics and swimming. He likes his new work but as yet is so busy he hasn't had a chance to practice dancing.

From the first, Youskevitch has been popular with the men. When he first went for his physical examination he was sitting unobtrusively over in the corner when one of the fellows recognized him. In a moment he was surrounded. Some of the men asked for his autograph.

"With pleasure," said Igor, in all modesty.

"What made you choose the navy," we asked the last time we saw him.

"Well," said Igor thoughtfully, "they asked me which I preferred, I said, 'well I don't know, maybe the army.' So they put me in the navy."

Youskevitch has danced continually for the servicemen before and since he has been in the navy. He goes over big with the men.

Igor tells us they come around after the performance and ask him how to do certain things. "So I show them how to do it," says Igor in his completely unaffected way.

When asked if he thought dancers should be exempt from service, he said simply, "I am not the one to ask about that. After all, I am a man and want to fight for my country with the other men."

The lovely Scarpova stayed in New York instead of going to San Francisco with the company, so she could be near enough to have Igor spend his furlough at home.

On June 29th a Ballet Concert was organized at the United States Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Md., where Igor Youskevitch is stationed. Mia Slavenska interrupted her vacation in order to dance with Youskevitch. Nina Popova, Anna Scarpova, Youra Lazowsky and Simon Semenoff participated in an elaborate program of forty-five minutes. Simon Sadoff, pianist, accompanied. David Libidins served as master of ceremonies.

Over ten thousand sailors and Navy personnel attended and gave the artists a most enthusiastic reception.

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo has contributed quite a few of its dancers to the Armed Forces. Besides Igor Youskevitch, there are Cpl. Casimir Kokitch, Walter Sampson, Lt. Thomas Armour, Armand Picon—not to mention Kevin Smith, dancer husband of Dorothy Etheridge, Maurice Bealkin, musician husband of Ruthanna Boris and Naval Lt. Flanigan, husband of Tatiana Semenova.

Private Phil Weiner M.C. gives an attractive program of tap, ballet and character dances that have been cheered by many servicemen.

Six foot two Dick Mathias writes: Seattle was neat. Saw Broadway

Igor Youskevitch in roles old and new: In the "Bluebird" variation (Photo by Seymour), in the U. S. Navy (Photo by Alfredo Valente) and in "The Red Poppy" (Photo by Constantine).

photo: Seymour

Armand Picon, erstwhile of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, is now a member of the armed forces.

production of "Kiss and Tell". It was just the general run "Junior Miss" type of comedy. We saw Ballet Theatre. It was wonderful — "Swan Lake", "Romeo and Juliet" (which had very beautiful movement) and a new ballet which promised to be a more colorful and funnier ballet than "Bluebeard". I still like ballet best of all the theatre arts. It is the best combination of music, art and drama. Ballet comes closest in expressing human emotion.

Ann Barzel writes . . . "No matter how many people you mention in your servicemen's issue there are bound to be some left out. Just offhand, here are a few from Chicago now in the armed forces: VICTOR RIOLO, SGT. BENTLEY STONE, SGT. OREST SERGEIVSKY, M/SGT. PAUL FRANCIS in a tank outfit, LT. THOMAS ARMOUR and MADGE FRIEDMAN who is with a Red Cross entertainment unit in North Africa."

Iva Kitchell writes: "I have just finished a tour of army installations under the auspices of the Special Service Dept., namely Sheppard Field, Hunter, Napier and Keesler Fields and Camps Shelby and Claiborne. The performance at Keesler was a benefit for the Red Cross and $1070 was made. It was a very interesting experience. There seem to be plenty of dance enthusiasts in the army".

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My address is still A.P.O."

From: PFC. W. PILLICH, *"This is the Army"*
No. SOS APO 887 c/o PM, N.Y.

Yesterday, at Miss Cropper's home in Belfast, I saw a copy of DANCE Magazine and it was so wonderful to see an American and a dance magazine, that I thought I would write to you about it. Is it possible to send copies to us overseas? If so, I would enjoy seeing some of the past editions and each new edition.

Do drop me a line and if at all possible, send some of the magazines. Many of our boys would like to read them.

From: T/S F. BIANCO 36000594,
299 AAA Btry C, APO 726
c/o PM, Seattle, Wash.

Can you inform me where I can obtain some photographs, (pin-up pictures) of ballerinas, such as Markova, Baronova, Danilova, etc. I've been in the Aleutians for almost 2 years and the pictures would be highly esteemed.

From: PFC. DONALD "ZANDOTT" JANDESKI

Let me tell you what is troubling my mind. Much to my own amazement, I find that there are a number of our servicemen and women who cannot dance.

The way a lot of the teachers feel about it is simply this. There are other teachers who are giving lessons so why should they give them. Others will say that they're too busy with recital plans, or they have a full quota of pupils keeping them very busy.

I have only one thing to say in answer. Do our boys and girls say, "Well, there are plenty of fellows over there, so we'll let them do the fighting."

Maybe there are not any camps too close to your locality, but that doesn't mean that the servicemen and women are not going to visit your cities on passes or furloughs.

How many of you teachers encourage the enlisted boys and girls to visit your studios? If you can't afford to give free lessons, then you can give them at a price easy on the pocket. Busy you say! Well, what do you think the Armed Forces are doing? They may be tired and worn out but still they are willing to do more if they're asked.

Now, Miss Marsh, I guess I am letting off some steam. You can't blame me too much. But there are a lot of teachers who are giving their all for us servicemen and women. What I write doesn't apply to them.

I wish that I could make the teachers understand how much learning how to dance means to some boys. If only the teachers would give them a chance, they would be surprised at the results.

Hurok Attractions sent us this one from PVT. JACOB KUSTINA, 13178221, Co. "B", 31st Sig. Cor. Bn., APO 493, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Somewhere in India

For the past few years I have been an ardent ballet goer. Every time the Ballet came to the Academy of Music in Philly, I made it my business to be there.

We surely miss the ballet, especially overseas, would love to see again. Such ballets as "Petrouchka", "Scheherazade", "Gaite Parisienne" and "Capriccio Espagnol".

From: ARTHUR S. PRINCE, c.sp.(A), U.S.N.
A.S. Athletic Dept., Kingsville, Tex.

Dear Miss Marsh:

Well here I am again, this time deep in the heart of Texas, and brother is it ever hot. I can understand why so many

Pfc. Teresa Morris, Sgt. Helen Krauss and Sgt. Hermine Renick of U. S. Marine Corps, dance a Gremlin number in "Snafu", a wartime musical.

Official Marine Corps Photo

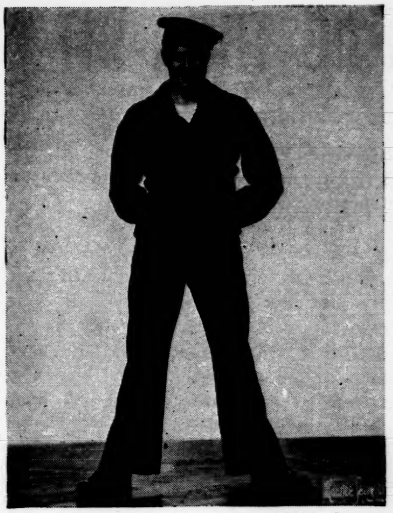

photo: Seymour

Billy de Wolfe, tap and eccentric dancer and comic, entertains the boys with his amusing routines when off duty as a seaman, U. S. N.

dancers from Houston, Dallas and Corpus Christi go to Hollywood for the summer.

Received your last issue of DANCE, read same from cover to end—then gave it to Igor Youskevitch. Nice guy that Igor, we enjoyed many talks.

Would very much appreciate it if you could tell my many friends in Texas of my whereabouts, Hally Pritchard and her wonderful gang from Houston. I may be able to see them some day. Also my very good friend Jacqueline Grogan and her mother, and who knows but I might be able to find time teaching at their convention.

My new assignment is at Kingsville, Texas, 35 miles from Corpus Christi — Corpus being the main base. This branch of it is used finishing fighter pilots. Golly, you ought to see these youngsters fly the pants off these planes. How can we miss winning the war?

Please send my bible, meaning the DANCE Magazine. I assure you I shan't miss a single line. I do hope to be seeing you very soon.

P.S. It gets terribly lonely here, please drop me a line even if it's just hello.

From: CPL. BILL SCHELUCHIN 18083612,
2519th A.A.F. Base Unit, Section "B", F.W.A.A.F., Ft. Worth, Texas

. . . You may be interested to know that we G.I.'s think your magazine is mighty good and do enjoy it and look forward to the lovely photos in it. You might also like to know that I have completed 39 paintings of dancers. Last night I saw Patricia Bowman dance at the Operetta and she is really wonderful. She had seen some of the pictures that I had painted of all the dancers. I said that I would paint one of her. Well, all this week I have been knocking myself out finishing the picture. It's 18x24 on blue paper. I made her dress pink, and she was crazy about it, too. Gee, I was really glad!

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DANCE TEACHERS DO THEIR BIT

Ninita Johns and Margaret Ann Read of Syracuse, N. Y., have had charge of the dancing at Sunday parties for servicemen at Syracuse Post 41, American Legion Clubhouse. They were presented each with a silver pin made by a disabled veteran, as a gift from the auxiliary committee conducting these weekly affairs. In addition they teach servicemen at the clubhouse every Sunday afternoon, and more than 9200 have signed the register.

Norma Allewelt gave many presentations and assisted with U.S.O. and Air Depot performances in Rome, N. Y.

Brooks Durham, Chester, Pa. conducted a bi-weekly class at 1 A.M. for the boys and girls of local defense plants and the Sun Ship Building Co. He served lunch and coffee and included folk dancing for relaxation in his two hour class for the workers.

Stella Becker, Columbus, Ohio, held bi-weekly classes in her studio with staggered hours for the war workers of the Curtiss-Wright Corp. and Timken Roller Bearing Co., using technique from her modern work as exercise. Her assistants, Carolyn Cates and Ada Fisher, have been active with physical fitness classes for war workers in Arlington, Mt. Vernon and Lancaster.

Winona MacDowell, Uniontown, Pa., brought the men waiting for their call to the service into her "keep fit for defense" classes, presenting a man's type of work. One of the air corps boys wrote her that he got his sense of timing from her dance class. Kitty MacDowell has been active in the defense work classes in Morgantown, W. Va., under the O.C.D.

Idella Pont, Uncasville, Conn., the local dance teacher, got up at 4:30 A.M. to work in a defense plant from 8 to 4 p.m. at the Hamiston Standard Propeller Co., then taught her dance classes after four and included a class for war workers.

Verna Evans, Westmount, Quebec, in addition to conducting the "Evans Sisters School of the Dance and Music" organized the Evans Sisters troop show, a voluntary organization to entertain the Merchant Marine, Army, Navy and Air Force. They are also dance directors for all the French troop shows which operate in Ontario and Quebec.

Ninita Johns was active with U.S.O. groups in Watertown, N. Y., and a reunion has been planned for after the war for the boys who have all gone over. Frances Hart, Anderson, S. C., opened a servicemen's center and gave her recital proceeds to it. She also served as chaperone and gave floor shows there.

In Miami, Florida, Mae Rose has given so many servicemen's shows that she's lost count. Lee Sherman is on the entertainment staff of the Miami Beach Flamingo Park and is putting on shows using the local dancing teachers' pupils to advantage.

Frank Jones's School of the Dance in Anniston, Ala., once a week gave a program at the Fort McClellan Red Cross Hut. They also gave free ballroom classes to servicemen once a week in their studio, programs at YMCA and USO, recitals at the USO free to servicemen, friends and families, free lessons to nurses at the Fort hospital once a week, furnished the wardrobe for the boys' own shows at camp and had a wonderful response from the boys.

Lilla Viles, Boston, gave ballroom instruction at Camp Devens, shows at the Brighton Marine Hospital once a week for the wounded soldiers, sailors and marines, and shows for the boys at the Harbor forts. She worked with the Chaplains before the USO was organized.

photo: Gerda Peterich

Seaman confers with ballerina, Nana Gollner. You see there are compensations to the arduous life in the U.S. Navy. What do you say, boys?

In Miami, Hildegarde's 1 hour 15 minute USO show, "Panorama of Glamour", included all of her pupils. They have been working since November, travelling from camp to camp, and have visited 37 in one year. Jeeps were used to floodlights on outdoor platforms at first, but they now carry their own lights. Nine similar units which are part of the "Miami Variety Artists", made circuits of the camps, changing shows every 20 weeks. Their main work was for hospitals and boys who couldn't get entertainment elsewhere.

Nellie Cook, Brooklyn, was an air raid warden squadron leader. Her pupils danced at the Stage Door Canteen and Merchant Seaman's Club, and traveled to different camps in their work with the U.S.O. Marguerite Reynold's pupils dance for the soldiers, and she is also a Brooklyn air raid warden squadron leader with 274 hours of service.

Lois Pond, New York City, spent her vacation doing war work on the night shift from 5:00 P.M. to 1:30 A.M., Edith Moulson Royal, besides dancing for soldiers, gave 940 hours to the Philadelphia Interceptor Command.

Irene M. Jones, Huntsville, Ala., held ballroom classes once a week for soldiers at the U.S.O. Industrial Center. She also trained girls for shows at the war plants. She has given as many as 16 hours a week, and her U.S.O. dancing class took part in a canteen night recital.

MIKHAIL MORDKIN

As the July Dance Magazine goes to press, we hear with deep sorrow of the passing of one of the truly great artists of the world, Mikhail Mordkin. Not only as a dancer whose powerful, manly grace startled the world, but as a teacher, choreographer and director, Mordkin's contribution to dance art has been vast, and will continue to live in his works, his many famous pupils and the great tradition of the ballet.

One of the oldest friends of Mr. Mordkin in this country, Rudolf Orthwine, is making all funeral arrangements for the family. Mr. Mordkin is survived by his wife, Bronislava Pojitskaya, a well known ballerina, and a son Mikhail Mordkin Jr., now a sergeant in the U.S. Army.

From the wood and metal fragments of a wrecked Jap plane, thirty-six U. S. Navy admirers, somewhere in the South Pacific, fashioned this hand engraved plaque as a tribute to the Radio City Music Hall's thirty-six famous Rockettes.

Evelyn L. Smith, Detroit, Mich., is on call at all times. Her students bring in cancelled stamps which bring $2.50 a pound and the money is used for A.W.V.S. activities. They also give parties to raise money for the Red Cross. At a Victory Social the girls brought box lunches and the boys bid for them. The proceeds of small studio recitals, ($150) were also given to the Red Cross. The money from the big spring recital was used to buy symphony records for the U.S.O.'s "symphony room". Every other week Miss Smith sent dancers to parties at churches for servicemen.

Gwen Kagey, Columbus, Ohio, is a senior U.S.O. hostess in charge of entertainment. She gave shows two nights a week, one a classical program and one a variety show. The first of her weekly free ballroom classes for servicemen had five students. It has now grown to 150.

Hilda Galt, Montreal, Canada, organized her own troop show for soldiers and has given more than 208 shows in a year. She also trained the Sun Life Assurance Co. troop show and taught ballroom to men at the service center once a week.

Ellen Irma Flanedy, Louisville, Ky., furnished most of the entertainment and dancers for the soldiers at both the Bowman Field hospital and theatre. A 5 year old boy pupil opened every show with a Military Baton Dance to the tune of the Air Corps Song. He was so popular with the soldiers that they made him the "Mascot of Bowman Field".

Marylin Youmans, Saratoga, has given 25 shows for servicemen in one year. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Atkinson, Brooklyn, lead the dancing at the Officers Club. Winona MacDowell, Uniontown, Pa., gave free ballroom lessons to boys going into service.

The Shirley Simes School, Springfield, Mass., gave continual shows for the U.S.O. She says the men enjoyed the children even more than the grown up pupils because so many of them have children of their own at home whom they haven't seen for months.

The Dancing Teachers Club of Boston organized volunteers to instruct and dance for soldiers in the U.S.O. canteen. Lois Gingras was chairman.

Professor F. H. Sinclair of Ottawa, Ontario, receives constant letters of appreciation from servicemen for the free dancing instruction he gives them.

June, Dorothy, Alice and Frances Watson from Idaho, gave the proceeds from their recitals to the Army Air Base. Their brother is in the service.

(continued on page 32)

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THE DANCE GOES TO WAR

(*continued from page* 6)

had previously been allowed in the area. She had to take her cap off and let down her hair before the men would believe it was really Miss Dietrich.

"Did you ever have to sleep outdoors?"

"No, it is a pity, but I didn't get that chance. I always wash my own clothes, though."

No show was ever called off because of rain. Miss Dietrich often worked through a downpour while the men sat out in the open watching her. They liked her to sing songs from her pictures, like "Boys in the Back Room". She performed sometimes in the knee length and sometimes in conventional, long evening dresses.

In Naples one night, the lights went out just as the show was about to start. But the show went on just the same. Every GI in the audience fo-

R.K.O. Radio Pictures

Miriam La Valle, star tap dancer and popular entertainer of "our boys" on the West Coast.

cussed his flashlight on the stage, and the performers did the same for each other. It was one of the best shows they ever gave.

Most of all Miss Dietrich was impressed by the comradeship and generosity among the men. She feels this selflessness emerging from the necessities of war will be a great contribution to world peace.

P. S.—We are very sorry we don't have photos of all the dancers who have done their bit for the U. S. O., but here are some of the names we personally know have done their jobs well: The Catherine Behney girls, six beautiful girls with twelve beautiful legs and the know-how to use them in a novelty dance routine. Valley and Lynne, creators of Teletap, the electrical dancing. It has been demonstrated in Camp Shows that servicemen are so interested in this application of electricity and sound that they linger after the show to have the equipment explained to them. Jane Matthews, known for her speed in ballet taps. Charlotte Fayne who does an original ballet tap routine. Harrison and Carroll who do outstanding feats of tapology. The Watkins Twins, blonde and decorative tappers. Betty Lou Holt, acrobatic dancer, called "a package of oomph" by Variety. Virginia Lee, amazing acrobatic dancer. Joyce Breazelle, musical comedy high kick and acrobatic dancer. Carmen De Rivero, charming Latin American dancer. Darlene Walders, sensational acro-tap dancer. Betty Lee, lovely acro-dancer. Al and Billie Richard who review all forms of modern stepping from taps

to boogie-woogie. Joyce Williams, alluring rhumba and fiesta dancer. Charlotte King, an acro-dancer of grace and ease. Helen Denizon, a ballet type French waltz dancer. The Hoffard Sisters, Mary and Eva, an acrobatic team featuring beauty, grace and amazing agility. Smiles and Smiles, a boy and girl song, dance and comedy act with emphasis on dancing. Eve Matthews, attractive young acro-dancer. Six Brucettes, an amazing acrobatic and dancing act. Barbara Champeon, who does toe ballet and dance acrobatique. The Three Reeves Sisters, with an individual style of rhythm work. Marilyn Hale, an attractive brunette tap dancer. Danny Alexander, one of the fastest tap dancers on the American stage. Myra Taylor, a talented sweet and swing dancer. Rita Holder, lovely ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera.

MEN IN UNIFORM

(*continued from page* 5)

tion, then danced for the soldiers twice a week at Keesler Field and directed and choreographed dance shows with soldier-dancers. One of the numbers which the soldiers applauded most heartily was a creation of Mumaw's called "War and the Artist." Benefit performances by Mumaw and Shawn made possible at Keesler the erection of a reception cottage designed as a meeting place for the visiting families of soldiers stationed there. Over the fireplace in the cottage is a plaque designed by Ted Shawn and depicting Mumaw in his "Victory Waltz."

Gene Gowing, dancer and veteran of World War No. 1, was interviewed recently by Roger W. Stuart of the World-Telegram on how Folk Dances keep seamen fit. Mr. Gowing is doing a fine job of rehabilitating convalescent servicemen with the gayety and sociability of the American Square Dance.

At Camp Roberts, soldier dancer Don Julian and his wife, Marjori, scored a big hit in their Slave Dance, featured in the recent performance of "The Red Mill".

A short time ago, a handsome young red headed soldier by the name of Mike O'Hara dropped in to see us. He wanted some old DANCE Magazines for John Simmons, a soldier friend of his, who is suffering from amnesia from a shrapnel wound in the head when his boat was torpedoed. This boy, it seems, was a great dance fan and used to follow the DANCE Magazine faithfully. It occurred to Mike that reading the back issues of DANCE Magazine might bring his friend's memory back. We quite agreed and told him to help himself. "Do you dance?" we asked Mike.

"No," said O'Hara, "but my girl friend does, and I do like to go to the ballet."

Dorothy Spence, DANCE Magazine's charming secretary, and Fay Anderson, also one of our girls, are now serving their country with an overseas Red Cross unit. Members of the Ballet Theatre, now serving in the Allied Armed Forces are Charles Dickson, Ian Gibson, Frank Hobi, David Nillo, Borislav Runanine, Donald Saddler, Yura Skibine, Jerry Sevastianov, Wallace Seibert, Michel Delaroff and Charles Payne.

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DANCER IN THE ARMY

(*continued from page* 18)

Notchers"), twice in the afternoon for our patients numbering a thousand by then, and no sooner was I through with the second performance when an S.O.S. call came from the Officers Club to save a situation. About 150 guests were gathered at the club for a dance, but the dance band expected from a neighboring camp was for some reason unable to appear. So, off we went again, Lt. Kelleher and myself, scraping up as many routines as we had been able to rehearse together, and with a few small costume changes (I had by that time received two Spanish costumes from home). I added a cap or a scarf for one number, or discarded a vest for another (which at times, made my performance, I fear, look like a strip tease act) but we managed to entertain the expectant guests for quite some time.

Following a good old tradition, 1944 received me dancing once more, this time at the Banning U.S.O. where the MC, viewing all the gold embroidery on my white satin bolero, announced me as "Lt. Wittop."

We stayed a couple of months longer in California during which time I had the occasion to dance for the new Bond Drive at a nearby town, and was escorted home, after one of the performances, in an official police car, the police officer "Not over his dead body," as he put it, could I walk home after such a performance.

During a performance at the San Bernardino Officers Club, a Major came to me and congratulated me effusively about my super dancing, adding how much I reminded him of that other Spanish dancer, he had seen at a concert in Washington a little over a year ago, by the name of Frederico Rey. He added that if I ever had an opportunity to see Sr. Rey dance, I shouldn't miss it. At the end of the evening I disclosed my double identity and both the Major and I had a good laugh. After all, his confusion was understandable to me for not so long ago, when on tour with Argentinita who asked me to adopt my Spanish stage name, the telephone interrupted my siesta before the evening performance. I lifted the receiver and a voice asked me, "Is this Frederico Rey speaking?" I replied quite earnestly, not being fully awake, "No, you must be mistaken, this is Freddy Wittop," and hung up the receiver.

We left California for our next destination in South Carolina and although I didn't give any official performance, I had a delightful time practicing after working hours at a genuine Ballet school managed by Mr. Foster. We exchanged classes, Ballet for Spanish and the time in that station passed altogether too fast.

We moved since and this time it will take a little longer before I will be able to resume my artistic activities.

MARINA GIVES A PREVIEW

(*continued from page* 15)

"Why, of course!" Marina replied, putting on her toe slippers again. "It's alright, isn't it, Maestro?"

Oliveroff nodded his consent and started another record. It was "Papillons". As Marina commenced her dance, her fatigue miraculously vanished. The fast, fluttering bourres of the butterfly, together with unexpectedly poised pauses, were charmingly real. When she extended her left leg and held the arabesque position on the other toe, she felt she could hold it for a lifetime. That was the result of the daily grind at the barre. Then came the dainty, whirling pirouettes in a circle. The music within her spoke through her whole body, even to her fingertips. Again the fluttering bourres, then the series of pas de chat as the butterfly flitted away into the forest—and her dance was over.

The thrill of her enchanted uniformed audience transferred itself to Marina. For him at that moment there was not time or distance with its limitations—no war to be fought. "Papillons" was more than the portrayal of one of God's graceful creatures flitting about in the world of nature. It was the very essence of fleeting moments of happiness, moments that uplifted and strengthened.

The boy in the R.A.F. uniform said nothing for a full minute. His eyes held a far-away look. Then, he turned to Marina and whispered: "You've done something for me—something I've been so starved for, but I didn't really know it." A new light shone in those blue-gray eyes.

Suddenly, Marina knew what she had been practicing for. The thought of it made her very humble and very eager to go on working.

V-MAIL

(*continued from page* 2)

that I have ever gone thru. I doubt if I ever will see anything like it again. We were for 20 days and nights under steady red hot enemy fire which showed very little letup. I only slept for 10 nights out of the 20 and that was done in a dirt and dust filled foxhole. You get used to sleeping in dirt without blankets or anything that would keep the cold night air out. I can now sleep peacefully under a good artillery barrage which helps a lot on the front. Thank God that I am still alive and in one piece. I am in good health and feel fine in general. I have a good idea. Why don't some of the girls write to me?

To MR. SWOBODA, November 30, '43

I have received your Christmas package yesterday and was very very pleased with the contents. Thank you so very much. I am still alive, and living day to day, wondering what the future has in store for me. I know that the last sentence sounds a little depressing but what could you expect from a person who lives like a pig in a mud hole? Yes, it knocks your morale way down to have to fight in rain that never stops and have mud up over your ankles, to be wet from head to foot for days and have no place to dry up. Sleeping in mud, covered with wet blankets; you just can't imagine what that is like. I thought that those World War I days of rain and mud as you would see in the movies were over but here we are; history does repeat itself. I am sorry if I am boring you but I just had to get it off my chest. I hope those 4F boys and other slackers are having a good time back home. Do you remember Serge Bassarahoff? You know the Russian boy that always used to come up to the studio to watch me dance. Well, he is already overseas at Oran, North Africa. He is the best friend I have, a good boy. Thanks a million again, God bless you all.

To VIOLET, December 20, '43

I am now in a rest area resting up after being up at the front for 34 days straight. I received your Christmas package. Thank you very much. I am glad to hear that most of my friends at the studio are doing so well. I am really happy for them. If this war never took place I too would have been pretty well set at the Metropolitan Opera but instead I am slowly but surely turning into an animal. I am losing all love for the human race, I am beginning to hate everyone. In other words I am mad at the world. If by luck I do happen to get home, you will notice a big change in me. I am very irritable and it doesn't take much to

(*continued on inside back cover*)

FOLK DANCE, HERE

(*continued from page* 10)

Philadelphia; Maxfield Lund, of Washington, D. C.; Sarah Gertrude Kott, Founder and Director; and M. J. Pickering, Executive Secretary and Business Manager of the National Folk Festival Association.

In addition to the programs, Morning Conferences were held for folk-dance leaders interested in discussing the various phases of folk expressions.

This is a wonderful dance accomplishment. We hope it grows and flourishes.

We have just two queries to make: Why can't all the dancers get simple low-heeled shoes in keeping with their lovely folk costumes instead of the modern high heeled atrocities that some of them try to dance in? Also, why were the Indians in black tights?

The Pioneer Promenaders from the University of Denver, do a cowboy figure called in this fashion, "Ladies bow low and the gents bow under. Hug those gals and swing like thunder!"

FOLK DANCE, ABROAD

(*continued from page* 11)

as in the summer. Then a new movement started—holding Festival Competitions to encourage good performances of music, and these included folk songs and folk dance displays. Some of these festivals were so big that they went on for days and thousands of adults and children came to give their performances. The choirs sang folk songs and the dance teams showed the sword dances, morris dances and country dances and the small children played their singing games.

These festivals were so enjoyable and exciting that the choirs and teams looked forward all the year to the time when they could travel from their school or village to the town where the Festival was held. Often the Festival ended in the public performance of a program chosen from the best and most interesting displays and everyone joined in the singing.

These competitive festivals took place indoors, but there were other festivals held in the open in different parts of England during the fine weather in summer.

In the big cities and towns the open-air dancing had to take place in the public parks. In London the open-air parties were held in Hyde Park in a natural amphitheatre. Here thousands of young dancers performed to the music of one of the famous military bands, while tens of thousands sat around and enjoyed the spectacle.

All this time Cecil Sharp, the pioneer who began it all, kept encouraging more and more people to sing and dance. When he died in 1924 all those he had taught, including the school children, gave money to build a Folk Dance and Song House in his memory and now Cecil Sharp in London is the center of the whole folk revival and the home of the E.F.D.S.

Every year the E.F.D.S. held a great festival of folk song and dance at the Albert Hall in London. In 1925 it began inviting a team of folk dancers from some other country in Europe to be the guests of honor. Each year a different country was represented. Then in 1933 one of the girls' organizations in England, The Girl Guides, held an international folk dance festival that attracted young folk dancers from different parts of Europe.

In 1935 the E.F.D.S. organized the first International Folk Dance Festival in London and teams from all over Europe took part.

Now the present war has taken away nearly all the grown-ups, and the boys and girls have gone into various forms of Youth Service.

When the war is over every folk dancer hopes that there will be more singing and dancing than ever, and that once again teams of folk dancers will be able to travel to other countries and show each other the beauty of their native traditions.

PARTNERS IN UNIFORM

(*continued from page* 16)

to do something for your country. The little booklet said you would be helping your country by keeping up morale. But was dancing with the boys keeping up their morale? Maybe you weren't good enough. Maybe the fellows think you're a poor dancer. Maybe you weren't helping morale, but helping to destroy it a little. Oh, you couldn't be that poor a dancer. As you picture yourself standing in front of a firing squad dying the death of a disloyal American you realize your partner has been talking to you. Did you just hear him say he enjoyed your dancing and wished the next dance if he may? He repeats his request and *your* morale doubles. Dance? You would just *love* to dance.

DANCE, SOLDIER, DANCE

(*continued from page* 13)

lish repertoire. Did you ever watch a world's-pennant team in action as the shortstop picked up a grounder and tossed to second for a double to first? You seemed to see only five movements by three men. Did you ever clock a trotting horse around two flat? All such work has to be done smoothly or it can't be done at all and the same secret underlies good English ballroom dancing: it looks easy but took years of practice and the performer had to have it in him to begin with.

Big Contests Frequent and Popular

Another interesting feature of the game in this country is the dance contest. Enthusiasm is fostered by numerous competitions, and preparing for them takes up all the spare time of the young folks. There are about twenty first-class schools in London alone, with perhaps half a dozen in each of the other large cities. Each school holds an annual major contest to select the best couple, the best man and the best lady, the ones who have improved the most during the term and in the largest schools also the best team of several couples dancing harmonized figures as a group. Some of these winners then compete against other schools for city championships, and, finally, district winners enter the major contests in London while once a year the seaside resort at Blackpool gathers fifty thousand people to witness the national championships held there with something like the publicity accorded our major Atlantic City events.

Of course I'm referring to peacetime conditions but note that even now the English dancing world is astonished by the manner in which its enthusiasm and activity is being maintained.

When you want to know what's going on in this dancing world, buy a copy of the "Dancing Times" and there are other publications devoted to the art, usually giving dates and addresses of events, advertisements of dancehalls and restaurants where this form of fun is considered prime. There are places where, before the war, you could get a New York dollar meal and a first-class orchestra, fine floor and plenty of girls—all for seventy-five cents, tip included. Which brings us to another item worth noting: in many places here you can ask ladies you do not know for a dance, but it is expected that you'll react like a gentleman according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law. Also, outside of the pubs, heavy drinking and loud laughing are crimes.

ON THE FIGHTING FRONTS

(*continued from page* 9)

Lieut. Roche said their slogan was, "Pep, Fun and Artistry!" The Army and Navy authorities as well as the boys, themselves, have written in the most glowing terms of the morale building powers of these units and the sportsmanship and cooperation of the troopers.

Another interesting result of this type of entertainment is the all around showman it produces. We have gone into such specialized departments in our commercial theatre that no one is able (nor is he allowed to) do any more than his own narrow line. These young men and women will come out of the war seasoned, all-around troupers who can build a stage, concoct a show, produce it, perform it and what's more, they can act as property men, wardrobe mistresses and electricians between entrances. This will make each one of them into a dynamic creative unit that can really do a complete job of unifying and re-electrifying the post war theatre.

Lieut. Roche spoke interestingly of his first reactions to wartime America. In the first place, he said, he hasn't seen so much paper for years. He was amazed that purchases were still wrapped or put in paper bags. In South Africa even the most intimate purchases are carried home sans cover. America seemed like a land of plenty to him in contrast to the countries he had seen.

"But the spirit is wonderful here" concluded Lieut. Roche. Everyone cooperated with me in the most generous way. Howard Bachenheimer of Dazian's spent hours getting fabrics and such for our needs, and Ben Sommers of Capezio went to the limit to see that we got whatever shoes, dye, taps, etc., that were available for our needs. Max Factor fixed us up on make-up, 'in a big way.'

"I shall go home," said Lieut. Roche, "carrying many pleasant memories as well as very practical expressions of the kindness and cooperation of the American people."

DANCE TEACHERS

(*continued from page* 27)

Edna McRae, who has arranged a number of attractive programs for U.S.O. and Service Men's Center entertainment, realized that the friends and parents of the dancers never had a chance to see the girls perform. Therefore, a studio program of these dances was arranged.

The pupils of the Reed School of the Dance, Ogden, Utah, gave their Spring Revue as a benefit for the Hospital for Allied Convalescent Soldiers and netted $550 for the cause.

Lippel School of Dancing, Newark, N. J., have entertained constantly at the Newark Stage Door Canteen, Coast Guard, etc.

Snappy Lt. Marion Ayres of the WAVES paid us a visit. She is combining her dancing and recreational work with her executive duties in the Navy.

The Wednesday night dancing classes directed by Jack Satterfield, Dunham, N. C., has grown so large that it required removal recently from an upstairs hall to the main floor in the auditorium. Satterfield assists at the regular Saturday night dances, and has at least 350 volunteer hours to his credit, all this for the USO.

Have You Heard This One?

Alexandra Danilova enjoys good movies and often goes to see one on an evening off.

On the road this winter during a week's stand she heard the local picture was excellent so went down to see it, but returned "unable to get a seat", as she said. This happened several times but in the meantime several other members of the company had seen it.

"That's strange," said Miss Danilova, "every time I try to see the picture there is a big sign out, 'Standing Room Only'."

The picture was the popular movie, "Standing Room Only."

V-MAIL

(*continued from page* 30)

get me into a fight. Certain persons whom you know, better not speak to me if I ever meet them, because I will break their pansy necks just as easy as I would shoot a German.

The front line troops fight and suffer then get relieved to a place called the rest area, lie around for about five days and then start training for the next battle.

To LYLA, December 20, '43

Thanks a million for your Christmas package. It was really wonderful. It made me think how far away from home I am. I am still alive and in one piece. In my last engagement (24 days without a letup) I nearly got it. A shell bursted about 30 feet from me, scattering shrapnel all around me but missing me. It must bave been a small mortar shell as I wouldn't be here to write to you. The concussion shook me up a bit but otherwise it didn't affect me. I am more or less used to having shells bursting close but I hear them coming and duck behind a rock or into my foxhole—but this time one caught me standing up straight. God was with me I guess. I have been overseas for over 7 months already and in the army one year. Five of those months have seen me on the front, sixty-three days under actual fire. I have three invasions to my credit and all were on the second wave, no more than one-half hour after the first went in.

To MR. SWOBODA, January 14, '44

Since I have last written to you I have been through the most horrible experience possible. I am unable to disclose the nature of the incident at present but take my word for it that it was terrible. God was once more kind to me. I lost all my personal belongings but I am forever gratcful that life is still within me. I am sending you a picture of myself and my buddy.

To MR. SWOBODA AND KIDS, Feb. 24, '44

We don't ask for prestige, ribbons and medals. All we want is to get this over with. This is the reason I can't stand those certain "four effers". Why should my friends die while these creatures run around loose contaminating this world? I must stop now or else I will start tearing the tent down from anger. Such better keep out of my way if I get home, or I will send them to the hospital or cemetery. So help me God! It is nice to hear that you have faith that I will once more be able to join my profession. I have a doubt in my mind. Never again will I be able to start from where I left off. I am getting older all the time and this present life will tell on me in the future.

To BETTY BURGE, February 24, '44

In my last encounter I was not injured seriously so there is nothing to worry about. Now the question of going home arises. There are three ways that I can leave this place. One, 6 feet under; two, being crippled; and the last is when the war is over. By no means expect me to come home any sooner. This war is tough and will become tougher before final victory is won. Maybe I will be amongst the lucky ones to see home again.

To LYLA, March 10, '44

I have just received your letter from February 27th and so I am answering you promptly. Don't worry. I do admit that it was horrible experience but I was lucky enough to come out of it so lightly. Everyone concerned had a nervous shock so I wasn't alone. My shrapnel wound has healed some time ago. I am now a gunner and second in command of my squad of nine men. So far my battalion has four invasions and seven major battles to its credit not counting the numerous minor ones.

To BETTY, April 3, '44

How are you? How are your studies coming along? Why no word from you? I hope your patriotism has not vanished. All kidding aside (A nice big German shell just flew over my head and burst about 50 yds. down). I wait impatiently at every mail call for your letters. They definitely elevate my morale. Have you received my other letters? I write to you as often as possible knowing that I will get a beautiful (another one-two just passed) rose scented letter in return but alas! no dice (Excuse my slang). This letter comes to you straight from the front lines. The Jerries are sending up a storm and I must quit for awhile.

To MR. SWOBODA AND KIDS, April 3, '44

Please try to send me at least one or two lines at every opportunity. I realize that I am a poor correspondent but it is no fault of mine. The blasted Jerrys keep me pretty busy sometimes. This letter comes to you straight from the front lines. I grabbed the chance to write while it's a little quiet. Some time ago I received my Purple Heart here and with spring come such fond medal and it is on its way home. Spring is memories of home. How lucky you are! I can't realize anymore that there are still places on this earth where it's peaceful and quiet.

To LYLA, April 16, '44

Once more I am at the front. This time I am allowed to disclose my whereabouts—Anzio beachhead. How is your work coming along? I am as well as can be expected under these circumstances. The weather is warm and sunny. With warm weather come swarms of mosquitoes and other annoying insects. The mosquitoes here are very large, about one third of an inch in length and their bite is terrific. Ticks are numerous also. Before we go to bed we look each other over and usually find four or five having their supper. We live in the ground, a sort of a big hole, covered over the top by logs and brush. But we call it home. The food is not wonderful but we can't expect anything better at the front. We are lucky to get what we have been getting.

To BETTY, April 20, '44

I lost your beautiful picture in a scrap with the Germans. I was forced to lose all of my personal belongings. You don't happen to have another masterpiece of beauty, have you? I would love to have it if you won't mind parting with it. Eh, what? We live in dugouts (a large hole in the ground) and eat canned rations. I forgot what a woman looks like. Feel sorry for me? You don't? Well, I sure feel sorry for myself. Woof, Woof, Woof. Space is limited so I will close.

To LYLA, May 4, '44

I am now allowed to tell what my unpleasant experience was. While on the way to Anzio the ship I was on hit a mine. I floated in my waist lifebelt for three hours in water that had a 50° temperature. A terrific storm was raging at the time. Waves were as high as twenty-five feet. Ammunition was exploding rapidly so that shrapnel and bullets fell like rain all around me. Besides the ammo, I had to put up with parts of trucks which were being blown to bits. Never before have I heard such praying and screaming. The cries of the wounded and drowning were pitiful. I was so cold I couldn't breathe or move my neck which was frozen stiff. Everytime I tried to get my breath, I got a mouthful of water. I was among the few lucky ones to survive. This is not one-thousandth of the story but I will stop now because it really is very unpleasant to think of.

To VIOLET, May 8, '44

How is everything and everyone at the studio? How is Mrs. Swoboda's health? There is no use asking about Mr. Swoboda because I can't imagine him being in poor health. I'll bet that he will be able to outrun me twenty years from now. To make it better, I will say that my future son (if there will be one) won't be capable of outrunning him. I will probably be a wreck by forty years so you can count me out of the race. A new war joke—

Fritze to Hans —
"How is everything this week?"

Hans —
"Better, much better"

Fritze —
"Better than last week?"

Hans —
"No, better than next week!"

To MR. SWOBODA AND KIDS, May 15, '44

For the first time today I heard some classical music, but instead of lifting my spirits it made me feel depressed. I always was a moody fellow but this war made me super sensitive. Today one of the boys gave me an Indian haircut. You know, the head shaved except for a brush of hair in the middle. I look like an American Indian. It's really comical. As soon as the captain sees it I will have to shave it off. You know me, anything to give the boys a laugh. Please write.

To MR. SWOBODA, June 14, '44

How is everything at the studio? The war at this point looks very bright for our side. The Germans are running so fast that we have a hard time keeping in contact with them. We will run "Super Man" to death. My love to you all!

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